

BEST OF COLLEGE HUMOR AND CARTOONS

CAMPUS HUMOR

No. 2



CDC

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PRINCETON
TIGER

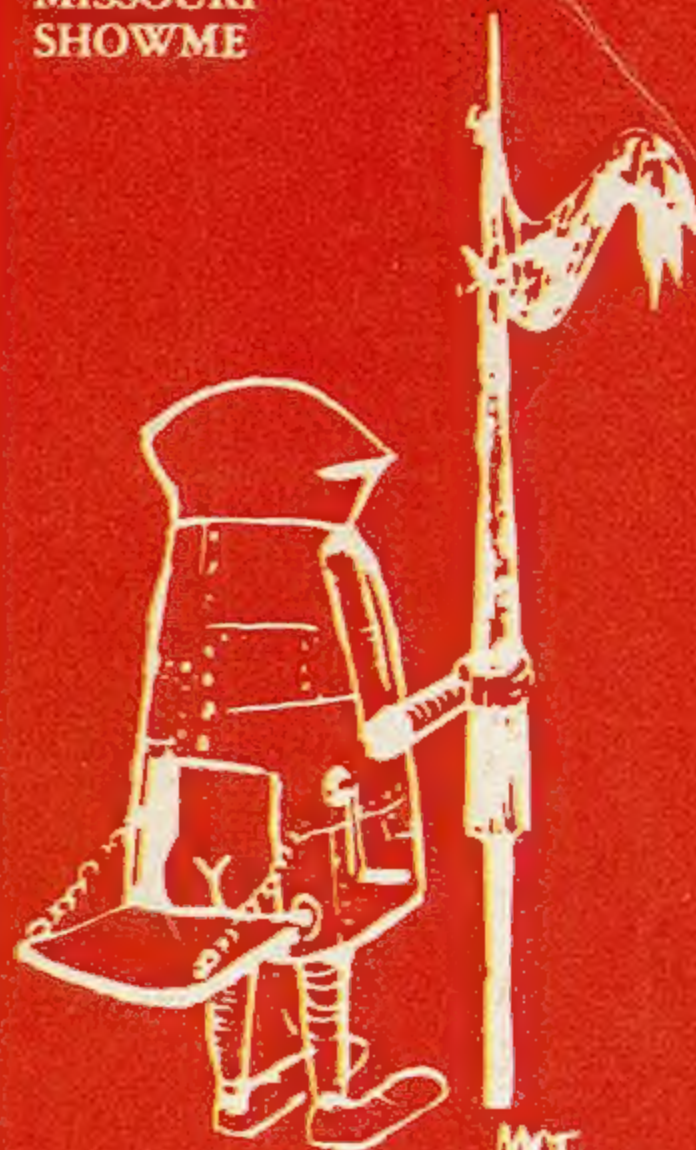


Harman



HARVARD
LAMPOON

MISSOURI
SHOWME



MOT
WOSTAW

WIT
PARODY



GAGS
FICTION



POETRY
SATIRE



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Editorial Shrieks

SCENE: The editorial offices of *Campus Humor*, a plush layout with hot and cold running stenographers, a sad-looking accountant who has no lines in this skit, several desks, on top of two of which rest the cordovans of O'Brien and Trese, the backbone of the staff. Our heroic editors are busy chewing on their pencils and gazing out the picture window as the great fiery orb sinks in the East River.

TRESE:

I get the feeling sometimes, looking through all these college books that college kids nowadays are crazier than college kids were when we were college kids. Do you get that feeling, Jack?

O'BRIEN:

Why not?

TRESE:

That's a hell of an answer. I asked you a serious question.

O'BRIEN:

People are generally crazier nowadays.

TRESE:

Gives me an inferiority complex, sometimes.

O'BRIEN:

Me too. If we're going to get ahead in the world we'd better do something quick.

TRESE:

Any suggestions?

O'BRIEN:

We go back to college.

TRESE:

Okay.

O'BRIEN:

Let's leave now. We'll get there just in time for summer vacation.

| | |
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★ ★ ★

Paste Pot and Scissors

Plied By

Pat Trese and Jack O'Brien

Man to Man



The other night, my father called me into his den for what I had a feeling would be the last in our disastrous series of man to man chats. With graduation only a few weeks off, I realized it was inevitable.

"Hurrurrumph," he grunted, and puffed out his tweed-covered front to impress me with the fact that he was already a successful businessman. "Skeeter, step into my den for a few minutes."

"Sure Dad," I replied obligingly, tossed my copy of *Loony Tunes and Merry Melodies* into the wastebasket, and re-

signed myself to an intrafamily imbroglio.

"Well, Skeeter," he said, as I shuffled into his sanctum and settled languidly into a large leather chair, "I guess the big sponge is almost over." Father always started off these discussions with a gag. He thought it made me feel at ease.

"Yeh, I know dad," I replied. I was quite aware of this fact and certainly had more reason to be distressed by its implications than he did.

"How do you expect to graduate," he asked mockingly, "*summa cum laude*?"

"No," I answered without emotion, "I didn't go out for honors."

"Well, back in my day," he said, "nobody in my group graduated *summa cum laude*, but some o' us were plenty loud." He laughed hysterically, and slapped his thigh several times. I tensed slightly, insofar as it is possible for me to tense over anything. The only other time Father started off a discussion with two gags was the day after I set fire to Mrs. O'Shaugnessy's maid. Whatever he had to say next would be dead serious.

"As you know, three weeks from today you will be entirely self-supporting," he began.

"I know," I said. "I'm looking forward to being independent."

Father hurrurrumphed with a certain tone of satisfaction. "I'm glad," he said, "that you are prepared to accept the responsibilities of a hard-working and contributing member of society. Now, to start you off on what I assume will be the road to success, I have talked with your Uncle Horatio and he has agreed to take you on as a junior salesman in his insurance company. You can begin work right after graduation." He sighed with relief, and I knew he had spoken his part. "So now that that's settled, let's go have a drink and see if dinner's ready," he finished. Nobody knew better than I, however, that absolutely nothing had been settled. I had just begun to fight, as somebody or other

once said.

"I hate to seem ungrateful," I said, "but Uncle Horatio only sells Wrath of God insurance. It's a bad gamble; I don't like it."

"Whatta ya mean?" said the old boy, stubbornly settling back in a chair and folding his hands across his stomach. "Tornadoes and sandstorms and hurricanes don't happen very often."

"Selling insurance is beneath my dignity, anyway," I said with definite finality.

"Oh it is, Mr. Smarty Pants," said Father snidely. "Just what *do* you propose to do after you get out of college?"

"Well I thought I might travel around the world for a few years, maybe try a little beachcombing, bum around . . ." I twiddled my thumbs as casually as possible.

"Good Heavens, boy, are you serious?" Father bellowed. "What will the neighbors think?" Unfortunately his bellowing awoke grandfather who was taking his afternoon siesta in the next room. Several seconds later he rolled in in his wheel chair waving his cane indignantly.

"What are you whippersnappers up to, anyway?" he demanded. "A fella can't even get a few minutes shut eye without . . ."

"Shut up, old timer," shouted father, who didn't like grandfather even in the slightest, "I'm trying to figure out a respectable future for my son."

"Ya should o' sent the boy to Yale, where I went," said Grandpa, smacking me across the chest with his cane and knocking me into a chair. "They don't have nothin' but a bunch o' pantywaists up there in Massachusetts."

The commotion eventually attracted Mother who often feared that a fight between Father and Grandfather would have tragic consequences.

"Come on children, what are you squabbling about now?" She shoved Grandfather's wheel chair across the room as he was about to smash Father.

"We're trying to save your son from a life of worthlessness and debauchery," shouted Father, who hated to be referred to as "children."

"Why, Skeeter, you poor dear," said Mother. "We better take you to Dr. Zimbler right away." Dr. Zimbler was

Mother's osteopath who solved every problem she had from how long the chicken should be cooked to how to avoid lung cancer.

"What's Dr. Zimbler gonna do: take this weenie on as an apprentice?" queried Grandfather.

"The poor dear can't possibly make up his mind about the future when his pelvis is so dreadfully unbalanced and his diaphragm needs readjusting," explained Mother.

"I don't care if his pelvis is upside down," said Father impatiently, "he can still sell insurance."

I now felt that the time had come for me to express my own opinions concerning my own future. "Listen folks," I said, "I'm going to spend the rest of my life doing absolutely nothing except raising race horses or something like that."

"Nonsense," interrupted Father, "you're going to sell insurance."

"You're going to my osteopath," screamed Mother.

"You'll probably end up in Barber School," roared Grandpa.

My turn was next. "I hate to spoil all your fun," I said, "but do any of you remember Sue McCoy, the girl I've been taking out every night for three months?"

"Is she the daughter of Hugh McCoy, the oil tycoon?" asked Father incredulously.

"Yes," I answered. "His only child. Not only that, but she's agreed to marry me."

All three of them gazed at me, open-mouthed with astonishment. I examined my fingernails, and then sank phlegmatically onto the couch. "We're going to Pango Pango for our honeymoon," I went on. "We thought we'd stay out there for awhile, before settling down at Sycamore Hill."

"What's Sycamore Hill?" asked Father.

"Our horse farm. In Kentucky. An engagement present from Mrs. McCoy."

Father was almost insane with despair, but he made one last attempt to save me. He appealed to my pride.

"Skeeter, my boy, do you really want to be worthless?"

"Oh, course," I said. Visions of the beach at Pango Pango were already flashing through my mind.

HWB — Lampoon

One day two soldiers were arguing over a dead animal. One of them said it was a mule, and the other insisted it was a donkey. In a little while, an officer came by and they asked his opinion. He said curtly, "It's an ass; bury it!"

While they were digging a grave for the animal, a Wac came by. She asked, "What are you digging? A fox hole?"

To which they wryly answered, "No!"

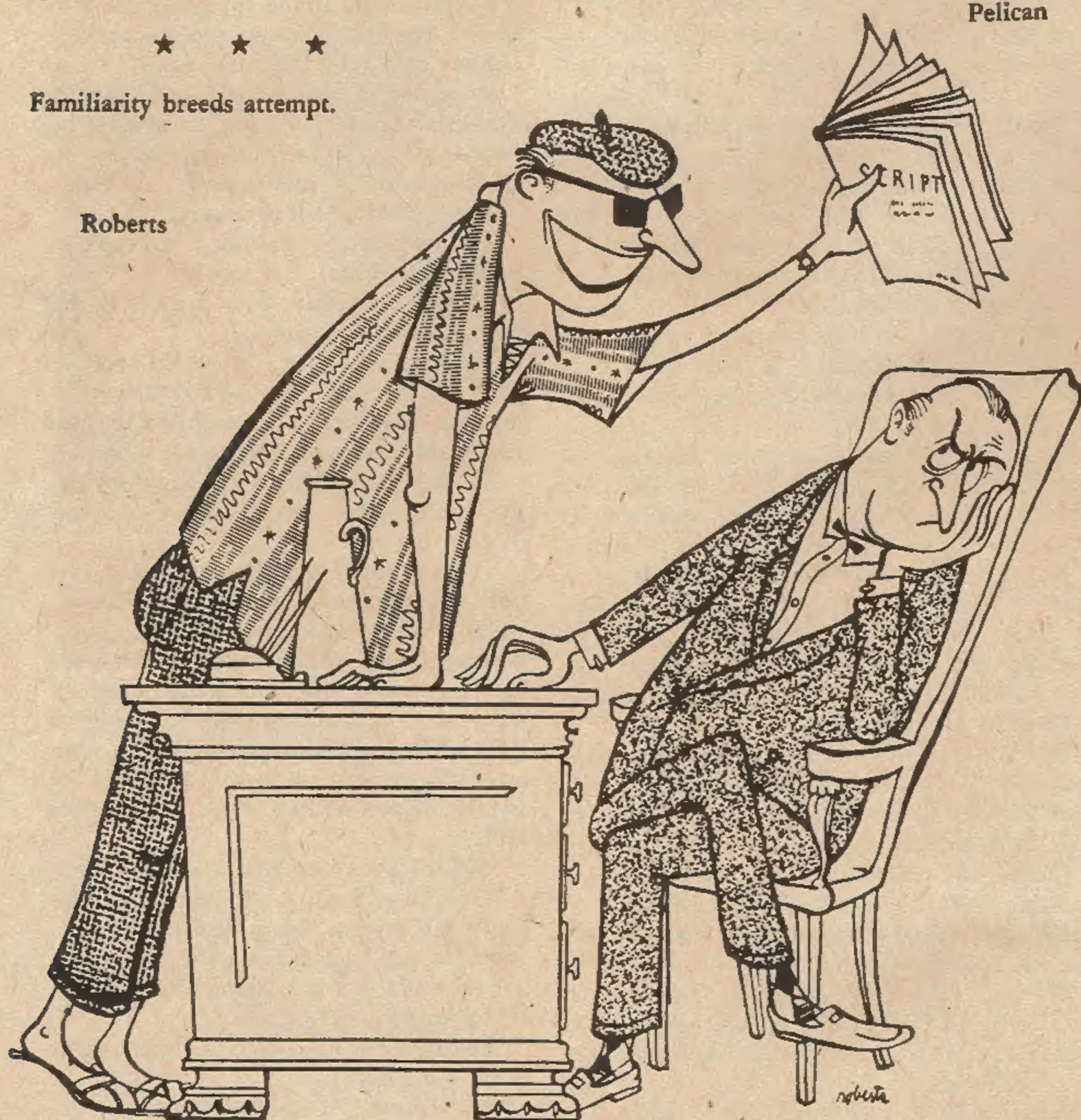
★ ★ ★

Conscience gets a lot of credit that belongs to cold feet.

★ ★ ★

Familiarity breeds attempt.

Roberts



Pelican

"But in order to get Orson Wells to play Hannibal, we'll have to hire a psychiatrist to overcome his fear of elephants."

Know Your Enemy

The ability to distinguish the enemy from the ally is one of the first rules of combat. Not only might a lack of such ability lead to rather embarrassing situations, but loss of life, or worse, loss of U. S. Government Property may be your forfeiture for unstrategic defiance of martial law.

The need for such ability may arise under many diverse situations. Consider the case of 1st Lefutenant Archibald Brimpington, Lord of Lower Pottelby-on-the-Quagmire.

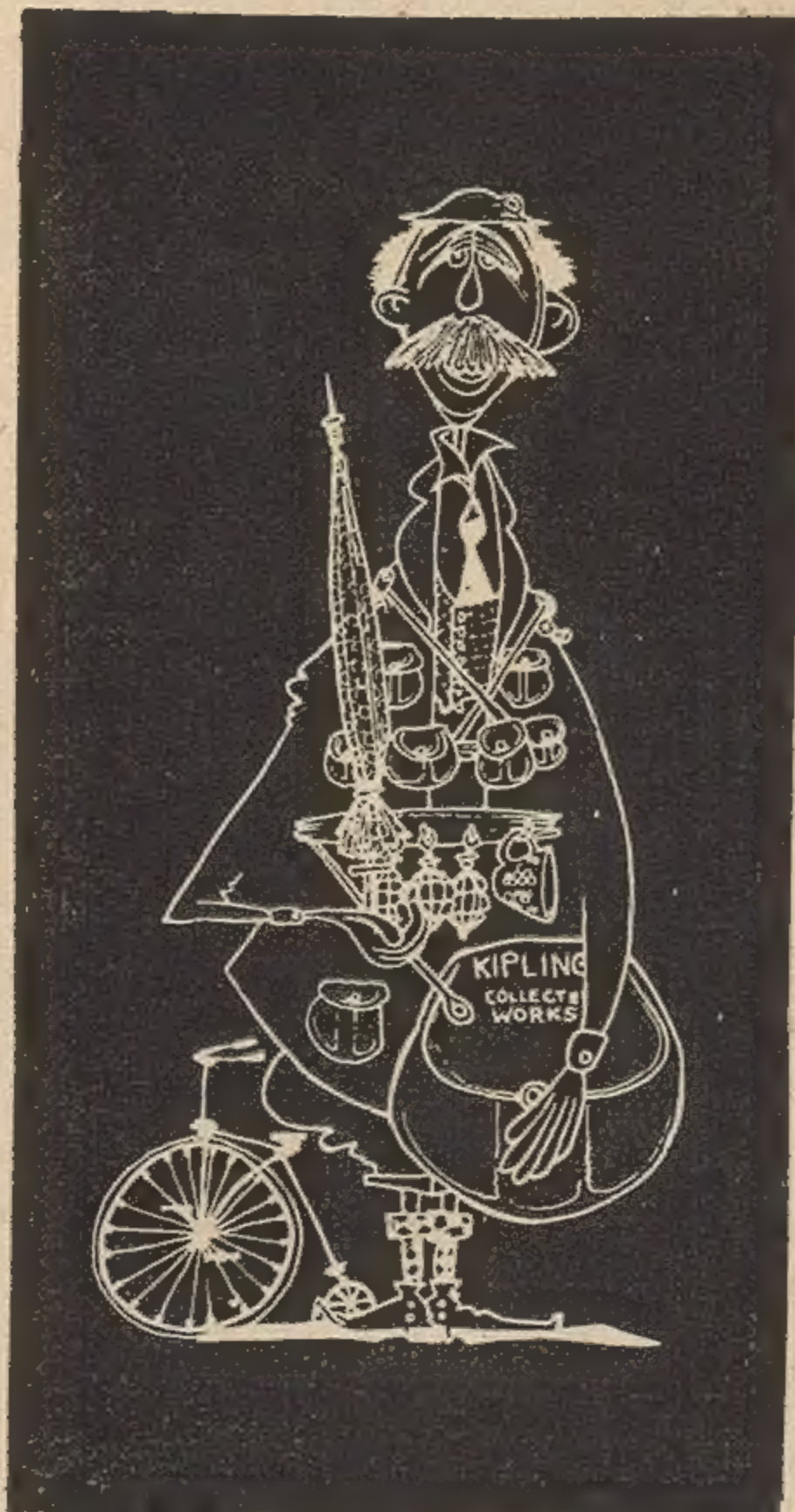
Archie, leading his detachment across an open field at a brisk walk, found himself and his men under heavy fire. With great presence of mind, Archie collapsed in a dead faint, tumbling into the protection of a convenient foxhole. When his men had at last brought him around, he found himself confronted by a Texan. Deceived by the larged brimmed stetson, Archie asked, "I say, you from Down Under?"

"Down under where?" queried the Texan.

"Down underwear!" Archie replied, "Never tried them. They do sound beastly comfortable."

At this, the Texan lashed out with his bull whip, completely shredding Archie's beret, felt, black, one each. Archie was subsequently stripped of his commission by the Ministry of Defense for contributing to the loss of Her Majesty's property and spent the rest of his life in utter disgrace as an associate professor at a little known technical institute in the States.

Such a tragic fate may be avoided by the judicious use of the following handbook. It is important that the user consult his *Who We're Fighting and Why Manual*, published daily by the State Department. The latter portion is trivial and repetitive, but the *Who* requires frequent review. The Handbook is designed for use in conjunction with this manual, its purpose a means of identifying the nation for which a soldier may be fighting, regardless of race, creed, or country of origin.



THE BRITISH SOLDIER

Special Equipment: Black silk bayonet, opens in rainstorms. Hand knit tie, spats over combat boots. Dual purpose helmet converts into tea pot or top hat. Krumpet tins as K rations.

Special Characteristics: Sneers profusely. May refer to U. S. as the Colonies. Builds brick enclosed garden about fox hole. Speaks English with quaint accent. Becomes indignant when reminded of this.

Positively Identify: Relate to him a humorous anecdote. If British, he will laugh thrice, when you tell it to him, when you explain it to him, when humour of it occurs to him.

THE FRENCH SOLDIER

Special Equipment: Rapier or epee in bayonet clip. Elongated glass canteen marked with name of province and year of manufacture. Steel lined beret on head. Small loaf of bread in pants. Ambient aroma. Post cards.

Special Characteristics: Speaks many languages fluently, none intelligible. Great animal lover.

Positively Identify: Offer him drink from your canteen. If he chokes on water, revive him with the Marsellaise. He is a Frenchman.



THE VENEZUELAN SOLDIER

Special Equipment: Brass plated felt uniform. Sunglasses to reduce glare from medals. Fully automatic shotgun for suppressing uprisings. Uncorked canteen in left hand.

Special Characteristics: Swears profusely but politely. Gesticulates. Believes in rule by the many. Encourages presidential turnover. Brushes teeth with mustache.

Positively Identify: Ask simple question, for example, what time is it? If Venezuelan he will wave arms madly for about fifteen minutes telling you in no uncertain terms that it is quarter past three.





THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER

Special Equipment: Flip-over portrait of Stalin. Can be flipped forth and back to resemble benevolently paternalistic butcher. Medals celebrating survival of monthly purges. Helmet empty to celebrate latest purge. Souvenirs of heroic pogrommes, includes blood stained baby rattle, slit priest's collar.

Special Characteristics: Neck twisted slightly to accommodate over shoulder looking. Capable of disarming bear hug. Appreciates camaraderie. Drinks excessively. Left breathless.

Positively Identify: Set bottles of liquor on any convenient table. If you go beneath the table before him, he's Russian. It is recommended that this test be performed, for safety's sake, at slightest provocation.

THE R.O.T.C. LIEUTENANT

Special Equipment: Dress uniform for combat. Bullet proof vest strapped on backwards for maximum protection. Carbine lacks gun sights. Class ring for cap insignia.

Special Characteristics: Salutes everything that moves except a superior officer. Occasionally salutes with right hand. Actions suggest internal naval contemplation. Nose excessively suntanned.

Positively Identify: Ask to see manual of arms. If he asks what edition, disarm him immediately by relieving carbine of firing pin. He is a Rotsie 2nd John, and cannot be trusted with an operating weapon, having never handled one before.



Dick Bloomstien and Don
Hatfield — Voo Doo



A New Bridey Murphy

"Your eyes are very heavy . . . verrry heavy . . ." said the tall man in the center of the parlor. He spoke to another man supine on the floor, but his soft, reassuring voice penetrated to every corner of the silent, well-populated room. The dinner guests relaxed in their easy chairs, delicately puffed their filter-tips, and watched.

"Yes," droned the tall man, "Your eyes are very *very* heavy . . . heavy . . . so heavy in fact that . . ."

"Ha harr ho haw!" The man on the floor burst out laughing. He sat up. "Aw look, George, I can't keep a straight face." A chuckle passed throughout the room.

The tall man impatiently flipped his filter-tip into the fireplace. "What, are you an idiot, Sam?" he said. "I tell you this'll work, if you give it a chance."

"Well, I'm not your boy," said the other, rising to his feet. "It all seems like so much bilge to me." He thumbed his nose at George.



"Who wants to try it?" George appealed to the circle. "It's a lot of fun, if you give it a chance."

"What the hell!" A thin, lanky fellow with a pointed face and very large eyes rose from his chair. "I'm game." He took the previous subject's place on the floor. "Shoot," he said.

"Make yourself absolutely comfortable, Jimmie," said the tall man quietly, "and listen only to my voice . . ."

Fifteen minutes later George had his subject completely under. "You are now in my control," he chanted softly. "You hear only my voice and do only what I tell you to. Now I'm going to tie some helium balloons to your ankle, just . . . here." He bent down and lightly clasped Jimmie's ankle between his thumb and fore-finger. "Now your leg feels very light . . . very light . . . the balloons are pulling it up . . . up . . ."

The long, thin leg rose slowly from the floor.

"I'm taking them off now one by one.

One by one I'm taking the balloons off . . ."

The leg slowly settled back to the floor.

"Now Jimmy, you're going to go to sleep for a little while. You will be perfectly comfortable, and you will hear nothing at all. You will only come back when you hear me say 'Jimmie, Jimmie', and then you will still be under my control. Now — go to sleep!"

Jimmie's head lolled to one side and his long body relaxed.

George addressed the audience. "He's gone," he said.

"Whatcha gonna do with him, Georgie?" said a girl excitedly.

"Oh, I don't know," said Georgie, lighting up a filter-tip, and enjoying his position as the great, magic man of mystery.

"Hey, Georgie, I know!" A young man of about twenty could barely keep his voice below a shout. "I got it. Send him back to his previous life! Like Bridey Murphy!"

George slowly exhaled a puff through his nostrils and raised his eyebrows, like a suave big game hunter who has just been asked to lead a party in search of the rare Pahongo Rhinoceros, which has never been taken alive. "Oh, I don't know . . .," he said, flicking his ashes.

"C'mon George," said the boy, "That'd be a real gag!"

"C'mon . . . c'mon . . ." various members of the audience chimed in.

"All right," said the great white hunter. "But it has to be absolutely quiet."

Everybody clammed up and sat on the edge of his chair.

"Jimmie, Jimmie," intoned George. Jimmie's body stiffened. "Do you hear me? . . . do you hear me?"

A barely audible "yes" came from Jimmy's lips.

"You're going to go back through the years with me, Jimmie. You're going to go back to when you were a little boy. You are a little boy, now, in your old home. You are a little boy. What do you see?"

Jimmie described a nursery room down to the last detail.

"Now you're going back still further. You are going back to when you were in your mother's womb. You are in your mother's womb. What do you see?"

Jimmie thrashed and turned on the floor, and numbled indistinguishable sounds. George looked a bit disturbed, but continued. "We're going back still further, Jimmie . . . still further . . . You're in your previous life . . . You're in your previous life. Who are you? Who are you, sir?"

Jimmy relaxed on the floor and folded his arms on his chest in a stately manner. "I, sir," he intoned in a rich bass voice completely foreign to his natural tenor, "am Svengali."

A titter leapt about the room. George smiled. "I guess he's playing me along," he thought.

"What do you do for a living?" asked George.

"I am a hypnotist," pronounced Svengali-Jim haughtily.

"You will now show us how you hypnotize people," said George. "You will now hypnotize me. You will now hypnotize me."

Svengali-Jim slowly and with effort

raised his eyelids. His eyes, naturally large, seemed unusually luminous and inhumanly piercing. Some of the guests involuntarily turned away. Svengali-Jim laboriously shifted his gaze, at first on the ceiling, to George. As soon as his eyes met George's, they widened and glittered. An almost tangible force seemed to emanate from them.

"You are helpless. You will listen only to my voice," he said to George.

George could not look away from Svengali-Jim's eyes. They seemed to reach through his own eyes and clamp his brain firmly. They seemed to grow wider and brighter until George could see nothing else. They grew into gigantic pools of light. George felt himself falling into them . . .

George crumpled to the floor and lay still, breathing regularly. As soon as he fell, Svengali-Jim, as if he were an electric robot whose plug had suddenly been pulled out, dropped his eyelids and relaxed, his head lolling on the floor.

The assemblage remained quiet for a moment, expecting both of them to jump up and call off the act. Sam rose from his seat and snapped his fingers near the two fallen figures. "Arise!" he said. "Wake up! Wake up!" They didn't move.

"You can't get them up," said one of the men. "Only George can wake Jimmie. George hypnotized Jimmie into listening only to his voice. And only Jimmie can get George up because he hypnotized him the same way. But first George has to get Jimmie up before Jimmie can get him up. Or I think that's the way it goes . . ." He put his head in his hands and tried to figure it out.

"Nonsense," said Sam. He turned on the radio full blast and slapped the sleepers' faces harder. Not a sign of life. Sam looked up, worried for the first time. "Somebody call a doctor."

One of the girls left. "Great gag," said Sam. "Parlor stunt. Try it on your friends. Watch the expressions on their faces. Yes, Sir."

The girl returned. "Doctor called an ambulance. He says he'll be right over and for nobody to make noise or touch them."

The guests lowered their voices and listened for the sound of the ambulance siren.

HMW — Lampoon

Thirty days have September, April,
June — and my uncle for speeding.

★ ★ ★

Waiter, please bring me some tomato
juice for a pickup.

Yes sir, and what will you have for
yourself?

★ ★ ★

Where be the path of those in glee
Who, once heavy laden, now are free,
Who now have aquired boundless ecstasy?
Where am I to find this real liberty? —
Say, Bud, where's the men's room?

SUZIE STEPHEN S



Once a man and his dog were sitting
on a park bench. The man reached for a
cigarette and found his pack was empty.
Turning to the dog, he said, "Hey Charles,
do you have a cigarette?"

"No," said the dog, "but there's a place
down the street where they sell them."

"Fine," said the man, "here's a quarter,
go get me a pack."

An hour later the dog had not re-
turned, so that man went out to look for
him. He found the dog sitting at a bar,
casually sipping a martini.

"This is a hell of a note," said the man.
"Here I've always been able to depend on
you before, and now you pull a trick like
this. What's the idea?"

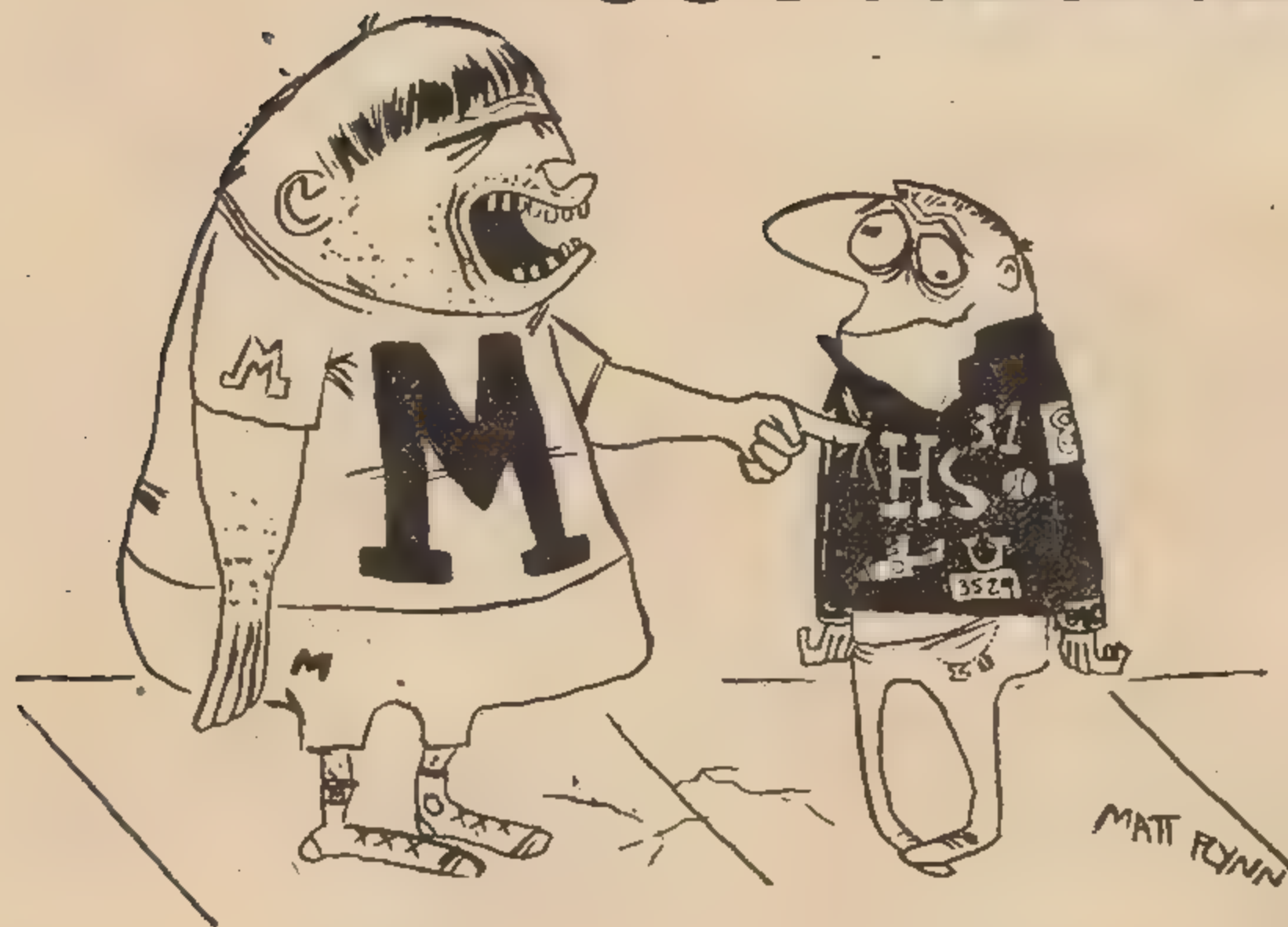
"Well," said the dog sheepishly, "you
never gave me any money before."



TRUDELSTRUP
SHOWME

"But JAN . . . what'll I DO when SPRING
Comes?"

.....EDEN



"Hey! . . . You can't wear dat . . ."

The M-Men's Club voted last night to enforce the common law against the wearing by students of any letter or numeral not won at the University.

Meeting in Rothwell Gymnasium, the club decided that for the spirit of the University, anyone seen wearing a non-University emblem will be asked to remove it.

— Item in *The Columbia Missourian*.

The guy in the diver's suit? That's me. No, it doesn't really get that deep here it's just that . . . why? . . . well, it was like this.

I study cracks in the pavement when I walk. It's kind of a game, like the Ink Blot Test. I was reading a particularly interesting set of fissures the other day when a large pair of Oxfords blocked my thoughts.

"Hey, you can't wear dat . . ." a large muscled index finger jabbed into my chest and indicated my high school letter jacket. Wincing slightly, I studied my behemoth, M-adorned inquisitor. I took a calculated

risk:

"Why?"

"All letters 'n numerals won off da campus can't be worn. It's a tra . . . tra . . . trad . . ."

"Tradition?" I suggested.

"Yeah, dat's it. Now get it off." He had advanced until his mastodon physique blocked out the sun and my runny nose was buried deep in the chenille of his M-tra . . . tra . . . tradition.

"O.K." and I took it off — I'm no fool.

Now I'm rather fond of my letter jacket. It represents a lot of sweat, comradeship and achievement; besides, it's warm. Other people may say 'Pucketts, of course'; I'm too poor to even mutter 'Pucketts, perhaps' and a new jacket is out of the question. But what's a shiver and a snuffle in the name of tra . . . tra . . . tradition.

But it didn't end with the jacket. Every group on campus got in the act. My pavement study was blocked by B-school cordovans . . .

"All right, get that coat and tie off . . . tradition, you know."

REVISITED



"I wear a diver's suit now."

By Ag school boots . . .

"Off with those Levis . . . tradition, you know."

By veterans . . .

"O.K. recruit, take off those khakis and field jacket, tradition you know."

I even met one clown who was studying to be a shoe manufacturer and I bent shivering to remove the last vintage of my difference from a page of Sunshine and Health.

By now, the campus was littered with piles of clothing; the population looked like fugitives from a fire-ridden tenement. The M-Men wore only their M's — like fig leaves. The B-School people wore only coats and ties — long. The Ag School farmers wore only Levis — high. The vets wore assorted cartridge belts, ponchos and helmet liners. Everyone else, as a southern novelist has said, was as naked as a jay bird.

I kept looking at the pavement. It was nippy sometimes, but tra . . . tra . . . trad . . . tradition is a warming thing.

It wasn't too bad on campus, but downtown people frowned a bit and over at

Stephens rioting ensued when . . . but that's another story.

I revolted the day I was stopped by a thin, seedy looking citizen dressed in white with a stethoscope around his neck. Well, you're too late my medical friend, I mused, go find some milkman to strip.

"Hey, you can't wear . . ." he sputtered. "it's forbidden by campus tradition and . . ."

Shifting my weight slightly, I wedged him cleanly between the running lights. Carefully avoiding his sprawled stethoscope, I stepped over his form and began on my cracks again.

I wear a diver's suit now. The lead boots are heavy and professors have to unbuckle my face plate if they want any discussion from me, but there's no guff from anyone in the 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea School. Quite confidentially, I wear all my forbidden clothes in the suit — two of them.

The others? Still naked, I guess. Tra . . . tra . . . trad . . . tradition is a many splendored thing.

Bentti — Showme



Troelstrup **Showme**
 "Too bad, Digby, but you don't have a chance — she and I are pinned."

A father was buying a fountain pen for his son's graduation gift.

"It's to be a surprise, I suppose," said the clerk.

"I'll say it is," said the father. "He's expecting a convertible coupe."

★ ★ ★

Did you ever hear about the angry golf ball? It was teed off.

★ ★ ★

His wife lay on her deathbed. She pleaded, "John, I want you to promise me that you'll ride in the same car with my Mother at my funeral."

He sighed, "O.K., but it's gonna ruin my whole day."

★ ★ ★

There's quite a legend about the man on the flying trapeze who caught his wife in the act.

★ ★ ★

A cute little lass approached the floorwalker and asked, "Do you have any notions on this floor?"

The floorwalker looked her over and then remarked, "Yes, madam, but we suppress them during working hours."

Adultery: Two wrong people doing the right thing.

★ ★ ★

An 80-year-old man went to his doctor for a blood test and medical examination before getting married.

The doctor checked him over doubtfully and then asked: "At your age you don't really want to get married, do you?"

"Don't want to exactly, but I got to."

★ ★ ★

Three athletes from different schools had flunked their classes and were dropped from the team. They got together and talked about their misfortune.

The man from Tech said, "That calculus was just too damn much."

The man from B. U. said, "It was trigonometry that got me."

And the man from Harvard said, "Did youse guys ever heard of long division?"

★ ★ ★

Papa Stork: "I surely had a busy day. I delivered 152 babies."

Mama Stork: "Yeah, me too. I delivered 145 babies."

Kid Stork: "Well, I can't deliver babies like you grownups can, but I did have fun today. I scared hell out of a couple of high school kids."

★ ★ ★

"Did you follow my advice about kissing women when they least expect it?"

"Oh, hell," said the fellow with the swollen eye, "I thought you said where."

★ ★ ★

Prof. (rapping on desk): Order! Order!
 Class (in union): Budweiser!

★ ★ ★

Conscience is what makes a girl tell her mother something she knows damn well she'll find out anyway.

Once upon a time there was a boy penguin and a girl penguin who met at the Equator. After a brief charming interlude the boy penguin went North, to the North Pole, and the girl went South to the South Pole. Later on, a telegram arrived at the North Pole stating simply: "Come quickly — am with Byrd."

★ ★ ★

She: Oh Henry, I've got a bug down my back!

He: Oh, cut it out. Those jokes were all right before we were married.

★ ★ ★

Joan dear, that boy who walked you through the park doesn't look very polished.

Yes mother, he is a little rough around the hedges.

Drunk: Whatcher looking for?

Cop: We're looking for a drowned nan.

Drunk: Whatch ya want one for?

★ ★ ★

Prof.: Will you gentlemen in the back of the room kindly stop passing notes?

Student: We're not passing notes, sir. We're playing bridge.

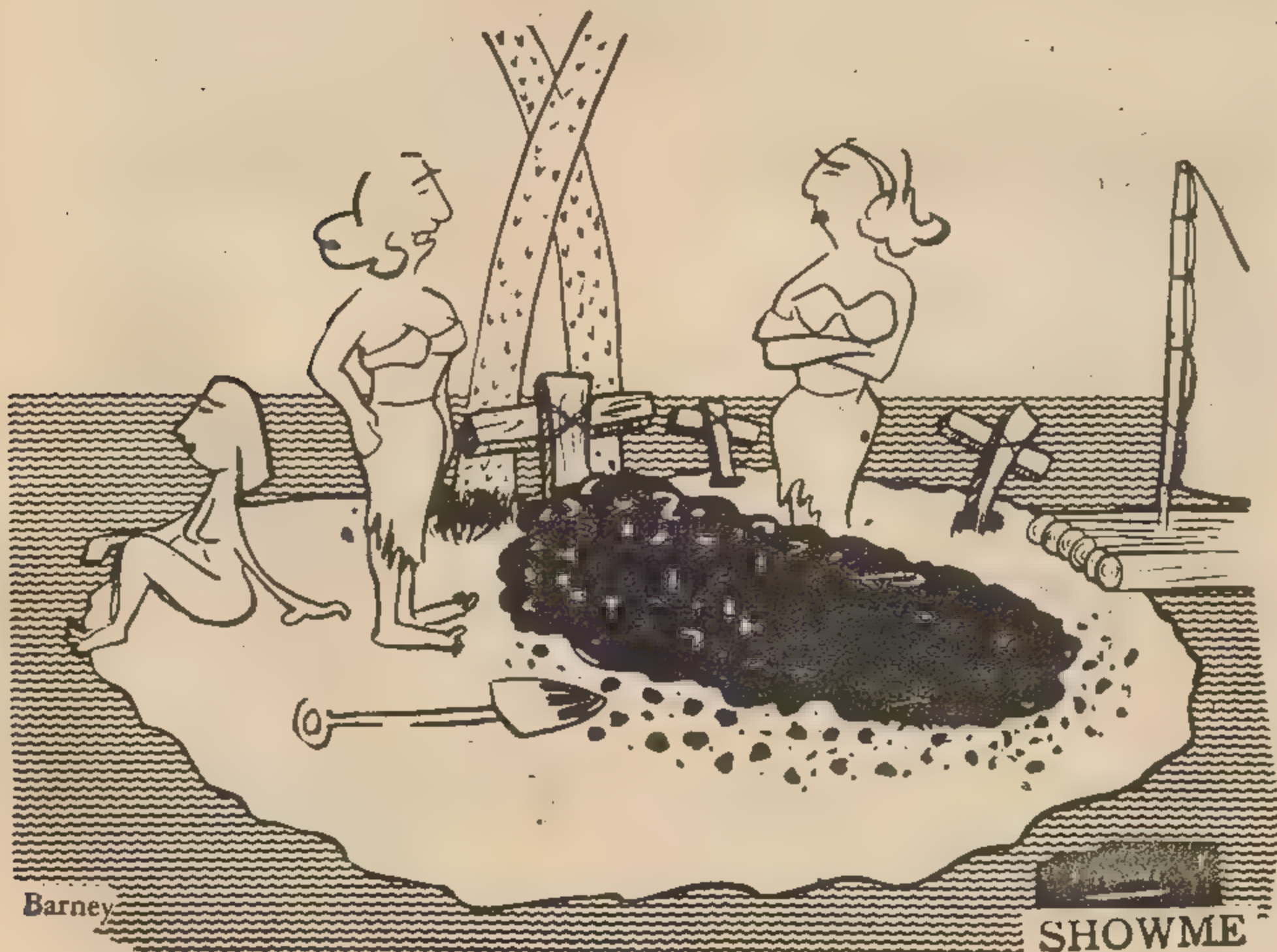
Prof.: Oh, I beg your pardon.

★ ★ ★

A Chinese servant proudly displayed to his employer pictures he had just received from China of a very nice looking Chinese girl and two babies; his wife and two sons he boasted.

"Are you kidding?" cried his puzzled employer. "You have been in this country for the last twenty years."

"Yes, yes, me know," explained the oriental "but me got velly good fliend in China."



"Oh well, he lasted longer than the rest of them."



the Wade Caper

A Very Hard Boiled Detective Story

By Hashiell Dammit

This is an age of turbulence. Big business has boomed (What's good for General Motors is good for the country), and the New Haven Railroad boosted the man in the gray flannel suit to new heights. In Korea there was fighting, but we chose to call it a police action, while H. S. T. chose to let MacArthur fade away. Millions watched the rise and fall of Marilyn Monroe's breasts in glorious technicolor, breathtaking cinemascope, and stereophonic sound. And America was . . . But, you know the story as well as we.

She was quite a blondé. Yeah, *Quite a blonde*. Yeah, Yeah. *Quite a blonde*.

As I ambled in, the Ox was serving drinks at the bar — it was chrome plated, just waiting for you to fall under it. The drinks were the kind that explode when you heat them. But her hands didn't look warm. They were steel cold, like her eyes — if I could just have read in them what was going to happen, but some guys don't have it. Especially private eyes.

The Ox turned his mashed prize-fighter's face to me and looked at me with steel cold eyes. He had cauliflower ears, a nose like an artichoke. The beefy type.

"What'll ya have, mister?" he repeated. I whipped out my .38 and slammed him right between the eyes with it. He collapsed with a sort of groan. I wasn't taking any chances.

I sidled over to the blonde. She was a mysterious doll. "Hello, baby," I smiled coldly, putting my .38 back in my pocket.

"Hello, mister." That accent didn't fool me I just stared.

The smoke-filled dive shook with the hoarse laughter of men out for a good time with women they'd just met. Like me. Only I wasn't out for a good time. This was strictly business. The blonde lit a cigarette casually and offered me one. That was too old a trick.

"No, thanks," I countered with a grin.

"I like my dope on the up and up."

I took my own pack out of my pocket with one hand, picked up the dirty pack of matches off the table with the other, and grabbed an old-fashioned off the chipped-silver tray that some shambles of a waiter was balancing. He spun around.

"Hey, that ain't yours . . ."

I cut him off with a hard right in the stomach. He doubled up and slid against the edge of the booth with a moan. The tray crashed loudly to the floor.

"That'll give him something to really belly-ache about," I returned.

"You shouldn't have done that," the blonde said.

"Aw, go climb up your thumb," I snapped. That shut her up.

Not for long, though. The waiter had moved away, still doubled up, and the place had gotten noisier and brighter. I began to feel nervous. I thought of the Old Man back in his mahogany-paneled office, sitting on his lard-bottom in a swivel chair, not giving a damn about his Operatives. Not too bad a guy, though. We all liked him, I guess; the blonde started to jabber.

"Well?"

"Well what?"

"Well, what do you want? You could get arrested for speeding you know."

"Well, you're just my speed."

She put her rye and ginger down with

a clink, but I wasn't going to let her get anything past me.

She was annoyed. "Look, we're getting nowhere fast."

"What do you want to eat?" I smiled.

She just looked at me, surprised, then picked up the menu. I studied her. She was pretty well stacked, all things considered, though not the type you'd want to settle down with. I'm not the type who wants to settle down anyway. She had some lipstick smeared on the corners of her mouth and she was wearing a couple of oyster-shaped earrings, gold and silver. They weren't the ten-cen store kind, I decided. She had magenta eyes, I noticed; I figured she was the type who likes to be different.

"Make mine the roast beef," she said.

I had to find out her name first. "What'd you say, Myra?" I answered casually, watching her carefully. I thought I saw something flicker behind her eyes, but I couldn't be sure.

"I said I'll take the roast beef," she answered, as though she hadn't heard me say it. "And the French fries."

"French fries, Lona?" I shot it out at her. She blinked, but outside of that her face was a mask. I still wasn't sure.

"Yes, and the peas."

"Peas, Miriam?" If she recognized it, she didn't show any signs, I saw she was going to be a tough cookie to crack.

"Yeah, peas. And my name isn't Miriam. It's Dorothy Wade." That checked.

I laughed and motioned a waitress over. She had straggly black hair and two gold teeth.

"What'll it be bud?" I didn't like her tone. She knew more than she seemed to know, but I gave her our order. I was going to have just what the blonde had.

When she moved away the blonde said in a low voice, "My God, don't tell me you're from Universal Detective Agen..."

"You don't have to scream it to everybody," I cut her short, grabbing her wrist. Her earrings shook and she blushed. It went well with that hair.

The waiter, looking as if he had recovered, passed by with another old-fashioned. I grabbed it off the cracked tray. He turned around fast, then recognized me.

"Now, wait a minute you..."

I stopped him with a hard uppercut that sent him and the tray sprawling into the next booth. He stayed there for a while.

"Smart guy," I said, and let it go at that.

The place was getting noisier and brighter and smokier every minute. I figured it was about time to get down to business.

The blonde was fixing her hair. I looked over at the bar out of the corner of my eye and saw the Ox nod. That hairfixing trick must be a signal. I decided to play it innocent.

"What's the dope?" I queried suspiciously.

"You *are* the man then?" she countered.

"Yeah, sure, Continental Detective Bureau."

"I'm in trouble. I need help, and I need it bad."

I sipped the old-fashioned as she went on, blowing bubbles in it every now and then to show her I was on my toes, waiting for her to slip.

"Let me begin by explaining that my Father is a rich but eccentric old man. My Mother died a year ago and her fortune went to Dad. And he developed a strange — almost obsessed — desire for collecting matchbook covers."

"Yeah?" I wanted to show her I wasn't asleep.

"Somehow . . . I'm not quite sure just where . . . he got hold of a solid gold matchbook cover that dates back to Ramases II. But the curious thing about it was that every one of its owners had died a mysterious death of a violent nature. So when I found out that he'd gotten hold of it (I'm his only child) I begged him to get rid of it. But he said no, it was far too valuable."

I blew a stream of smoke at her.

"Only people who have collected matchbook covers for a long time know about it. That's one of the things that makes it so rare. Anyway, last week it disappeared. And my father with it. I waited a few days, because it didn't really seem too unusual — my father disappearing for a few days, if you know what I mean."

I knew what she meant.

"Anyway on the fifth day — that was

Thursday — I got worried. So I called Continental, and they sent you. I've got to get that cover back — it's priceless."

"And your father?"

She merely adjusted her earring. The waitress came over with our order and then moved to the bar. I continued.

"Well, they sent me, whether or not you like it, baby. I had to size you up first, that's why I tried that name trick." I polished my nails on the table cloth, as the blonde started to fix her hair again. I wasn't going to let on that I noticed it. "Now first, kid, I'll need to ask a couple of questions . . ."

The blonde was toying with her French fries when the lights went out. Two claps of thunder broke loose, each one followed by a flash. Suddenly there was complete silence. After a minute or two, I realized that two shots had been fired. Somewhere a woman screamed. I reached for my .38, fingering it protectively, when someone switched on the lights. Everybody turned to look at the bar, and some more women screamed. It wasn't a pretty sight — the waitress was crumpled up grotesquely against it. Her face was a mass of blood. I wheeled back to the blonde but she wasn't sitting across from me anymore. I saw the revolving door start to revolve and I rushed toward it. The blonde was bidding a hasty farewell. I caught up with her a half-block away.

"Don't you like my company?" I asked casually, grabbing her elbow.

"Cut it, peeper," she snapped, trying to break away. I held her fast.

"Come on baby, don't be cute. Who bumped the waitress?"

"Waitress?" she asked innocently. I saw she was playing it dumb. Or smart.

"Cut the act, dream doll." I opened her clenched fist. "If you don't know anything about it, what's this?" It was a wadded match cover, cheap and strictly night-club. I realized it was from the dive we had just been in.

"You're hell on wheels, aintcha?" she cracked.

"You're just hell, baby," I whispered huskily, brushing my lips against her ear.

"Op," she breathed. I noticed she was wearing a funny-smelling perfume.

I tried to fight the feeling that was sweeping over me. I was on a job. I

couldn't afford . . . but it wasn't any use. I let the match cover drop. The night was black and the el roared by us overhead. I looked at that hair, at the earrings swinging, and I knew it wasn't any use.

"You win, baby," I said.

I clamped my lips down on hers hard. Like a vice. No. Like a vice.

I got drunk that night after letting the blonde go. I tried to figure out where I fitted in, but my thoughts were hazy and confused. All on account of that little love scene we'd played under the el. When I got back to my apartment, O'Gar from the Detective Squad was waiting for me with the usual crack.

"Well if it ain't our little denizen of the night life. You look a little tired." He was being more polite than usual; something must be up. Or down. "Here's a telegram that was waiting for you. It's signed 'the Old Man'. Now who could that be?"

I wondered if he was being sarcastic but covered it by nonchalantly lighting a cigarette.

When he saw I wasn't going to answer, he came bluntly to the point. "The telegram is in code so we couldn't decipher it anyway. What's it say?" He shoved it out at me. I saw he had McCann and Field with him. They're down at headquarters usually; not very bright. O'Gar carries them around with him occasionally. For contrast.

I took the telegram, but I couldn't de-



cipher it either. I presumed it wasn't important, but I mused over it as if it was. O'Gar got mad.

"Well, what's the angle?"

"Sorry, professional secret."

"Look, Op, I don't wanna hafta get rough . . ." He motioned toward the two rookies.

"Oh, you're one of these tough guys I read about in the funny papers, huh?" I smiled sweetly.

He became sweet, too. "Look, just tell me if it has anything to do with the murders."

"Murders?" I asked.

"Yeah. That waitress . . . I know you were down there at the time it happened, don't worry."

I ignored it. "I thought you spoke of murders — in the plural."

"I did. The Ox was found an hour afterwards in the gutter outside, his head bashed in by a blunt instrument."

"Blunt instrument, huh? What was it, a mandolin?" I laughed. "Did you find a match-book cover near the body?" I shot out at him, before he could think.

He was surprised, to say the least. "Why — uh — yeah, we did."

"That's all I wanted to know. Sorry, got to go now." I whipped out my .38 and shot the three of them in the leg to keep them from following me. I had some business to attend to.

I backed out the door and ran down the stairs. I had a hunch I knew where to find the answer to everything: I headed straight for the dive.

Third Avenue was pretty well unlit by this time and there was no one on the street. The lights in the dive were out and an old watchman was locking up. I tapped him lightly on the head with my gunbutt and he collapsed. I wasn't taking any chances. I eased my way into the place. It was pitch-black.

After stumbling over a few of the stacked up chairs, I suddenly noticed a light in the back room. It was thin as a splinter underneath the door and I felt a little nervous. But the job had to be finished. I had one hand on the doorknob and the other on my gun when I began to notice the strange familiar smell of perfume. I wondered if it came from inside the room.

It was then that I felt a warmth at the back of my neck. Suddenly all feeling went out of my body, and my muscles wouldn't respond. I heard a dull thud on the floor and I realized it was me. As I lay there unconscious, I knew someone had sapped me from behind.

I woke up inside the room but still on the floor. It was a small room with no windows or furniture. They'd taken the gun away from me — the blonde and the Chinaman. The blonde looked as if she'd been crying and the Chinaman was impassive. He introduced himself as Chong Spelvin, which made me suspicious.

"Well, what's the dope?" I asked. It was like trying to get through a mist, what with the pain that throbbed in my head.

"I might ask the same of you," he replied.

"Foreigners oughtn't to play with hardware," I said, referring to the double-barrelled shotgun he was peeping out from behind.

"I'll give you ten seconds to tell me what you know about the Wade match-book." He spoke like a cultured Englishman. The blonde didn't say a thing.

I stalled by pretending to faint. He splashed a Martini in my face. The single bulb in the ceiling glared down at me.

"One, two, three . . ."

That shotgun didn't look too good.

"Four, five . . ."

I thought that maybe if I let him go on, he wouldn't be able to count high enough.

"Six, seven . . ."

On the count of eight I yanked on the edge of the rug hard. The Chinaman dropped to the floor and I jumped on him, smashing his face as hard as I could. After a while, he relaxed. Well, I was pretty well bushed, and my head was still aching, but I headed blindly right out of there. The watchman was just getting up as I emerged into the city, but I kicked him back down onto the sidewalk. I was in no mood for jokes.

I went straight to O'Gar at headquarters. They had his leg taped up. God, these cops are soft.

He reached for his gun, but I beat him to it.

"Look, O'Gar, I only want the answer

to one question. When you found the Ox in the gutter, was there the smell of bitter almonds around him?"

He was too surprised to answer at once. But finally he said, "Why, yeah, there was. How did you know? And what the hell does it mean?"

I just laughed. "Thanks, O'Gar, I know all the rest of the answers."

I beat it back to the apartment too fast for O'Gar to follow. I knew what I'd find there.

She was sitting in the easy chair, smoking, when I came in.

"Hello, Op," she said coolly. I mixed a couple of drinks.

"What'll you have?" I asked her.

"Rye and ginger," she said, fixing her hair and smiling. "I came to apologize for Chong's behavior."

"Oh, that's okay, I love shotguns." As I handed her her drink, I saw her eyes fill up.

"Oh, God, I didn't want to, but he was blackmailing me. You don't know what it is to be haunted by a guy like that god-damn Chink." She took a long drink. "It would have killed father if he ever found out. But when Chong found out that the waitress knew, he killed her. The same thing with the Ox."

"Knew what?"

"Knew that he had stolen the cover and kidnapped father." The tears were running down her face now, washing the mascara off. "Kiss me, Op," she said softly, "Like that first night." I kissed her.

"It would have killed father if he ever found out," she said. I kissed her again. "It did," I said. She started back. "Wha — what do you mean?"

"It won't take, Baby. Sorry." Her mouth opened and she looked at me like a surprised kid. I turned my back to her. "The story's fine, except for a couple of changes. It was you who stole the matchbook cover and cut your old man's life-span. The waitress found out and blackmailed you for it until you finally had to hand it over to her. After you shot her in the dark, you hastily searched for it and picked up a paper one by her body by mistake. But you were in a hurry that night, baby. On account of me. What you didn't know was that the waitress had melted the cover down into gold fillings for her teeth. She was wearing it all the

time." The blonde was breathing heavily. I went on. "She told Ox before you shot her, so you had to give it to him, too. Then you hired Chong to get me, but it didn't work. You made one slip, baby, and that's what tipped me off. You didn't kill Ox with a blunt instrument, you poisoned him first. With potassium cyanide. There was a smell of bitter almonds around that body. I'm an expert on poisons, dream doll. That perfume you were wearing that night wasn't perfume, it was potassium cyanide. You had a passion for it. You bashed in Ox's head to make it look like a man had done it." I finished off the drink.

"Please, Op, please don't turn me in," she pleaded, sobbing. "I had to do it. I was in debt — please, Op, remember that night when we —"

"Sorry, baby. I won't buy. This is it." I still had my back on her in the mirror. She bit her lip and then suddenly I saw her hand rise. She was holding a dark object. Next, everything went black and I fell to my knees groggily. Pain swept through my head and the smell of bitter almonds penetrated my nostrils as I passed out.

I came to about ten minutes later. I had deliberately stepped slightly so that she wouldn't knock me out too long. Just long enough to let her get away. She had.

As I started to my feet, I noticed a small envelope lying near me. It was blue and smelled of a familiar perfume. I opened it and took out the note inside.

Wish we could have been on the same side of the fence. But thanks for letting me escape, anyway. Maybe someday we'll meet again — who knows? I'll never forget that first night under the shadow of the el. In remembrance of that night,

Dorothy Wade

There was something else inside the envelope. I shook it out.

I'm not exactly the sentimental type and I don't go in for mementos and all that stuff. But when I saw what it was that dropped into my hand after I'd read the note, I felt a queer lump in my throat and water in my eyes.

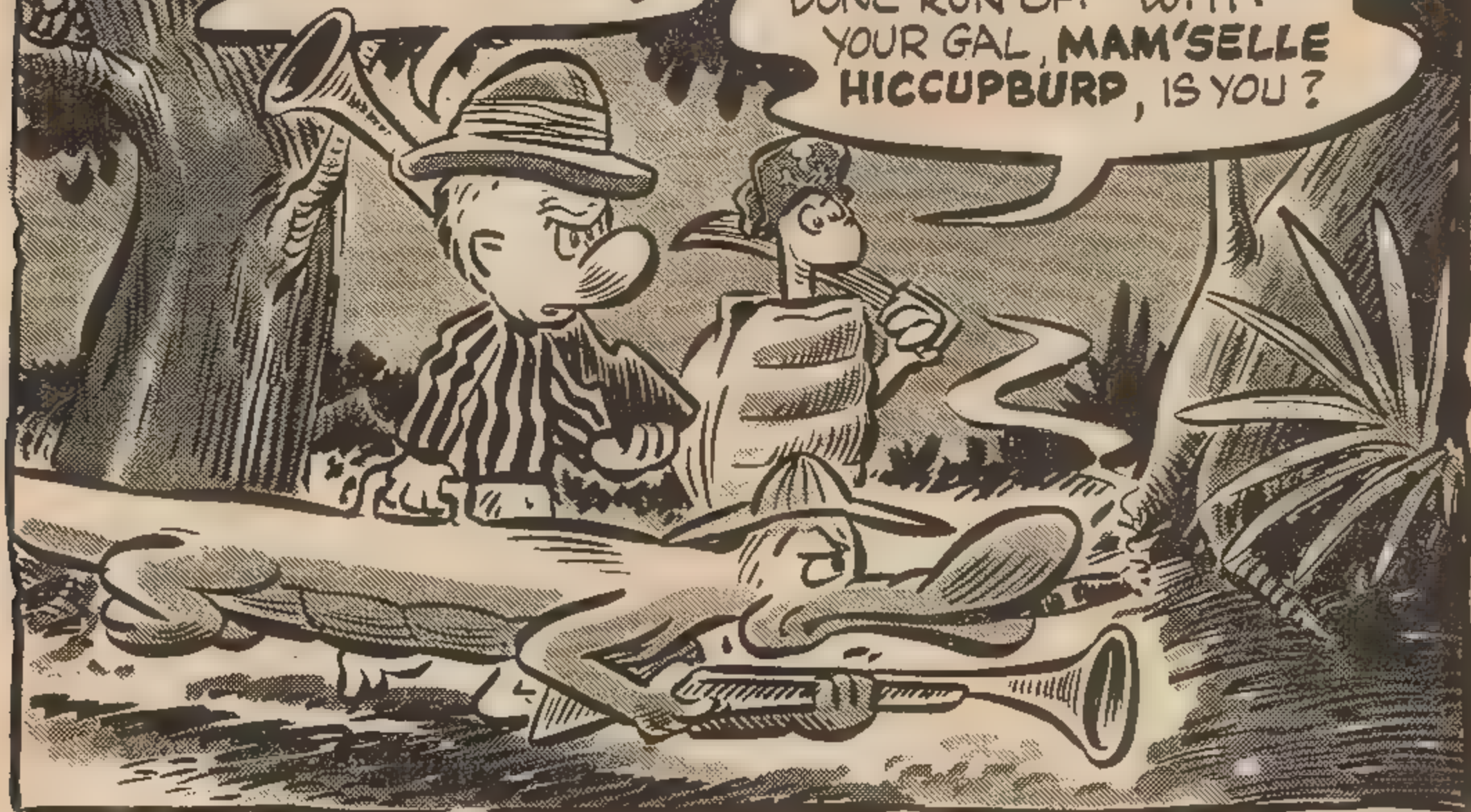
It was an old French fried potato.

— Purple Cow

OCEANO

WHAT THE DAG NAB,
ARE WE HUNTING FOR,
TORCHY LA BUM?

HAVE YOU DONE
FORGIT SOME **OUTLANDER**
DONE RUN OFF WITH
YOUR GAL, **MAM'SELLE**
HICCUPBURP, IS YOU?

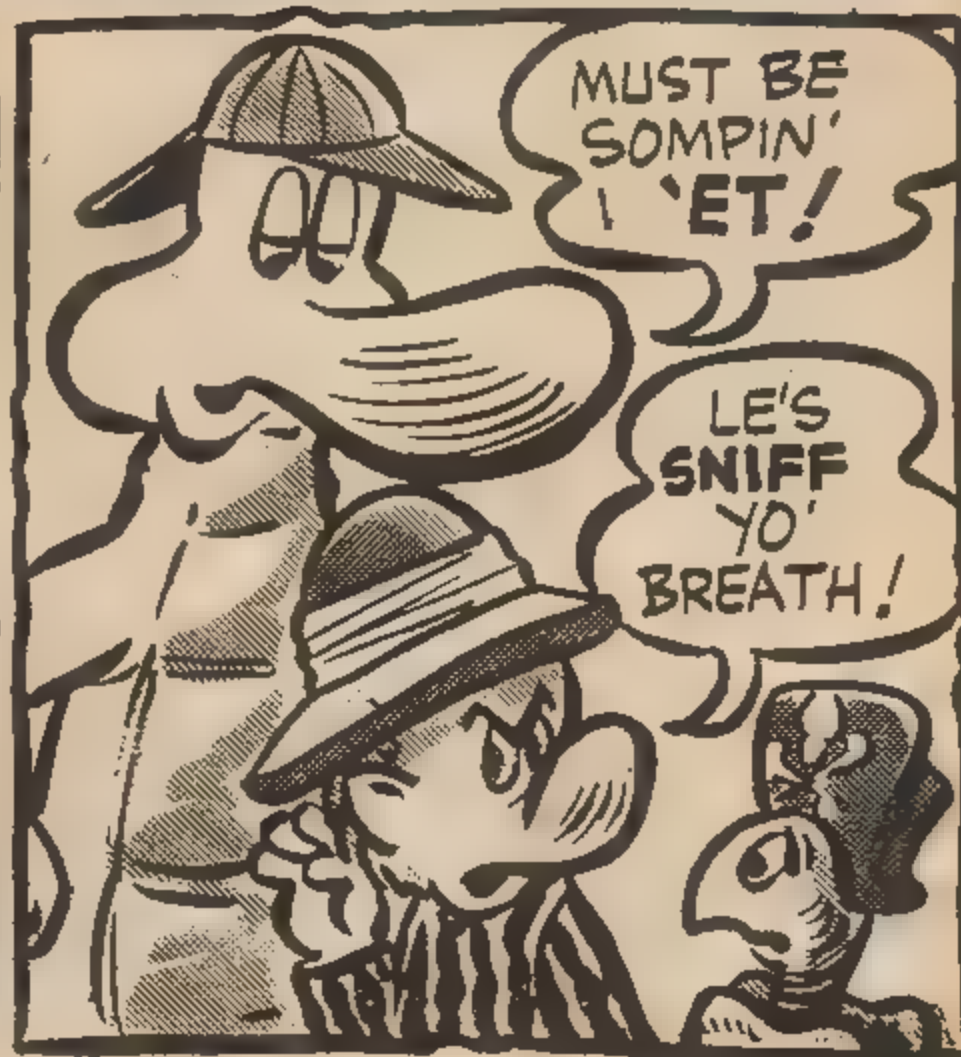
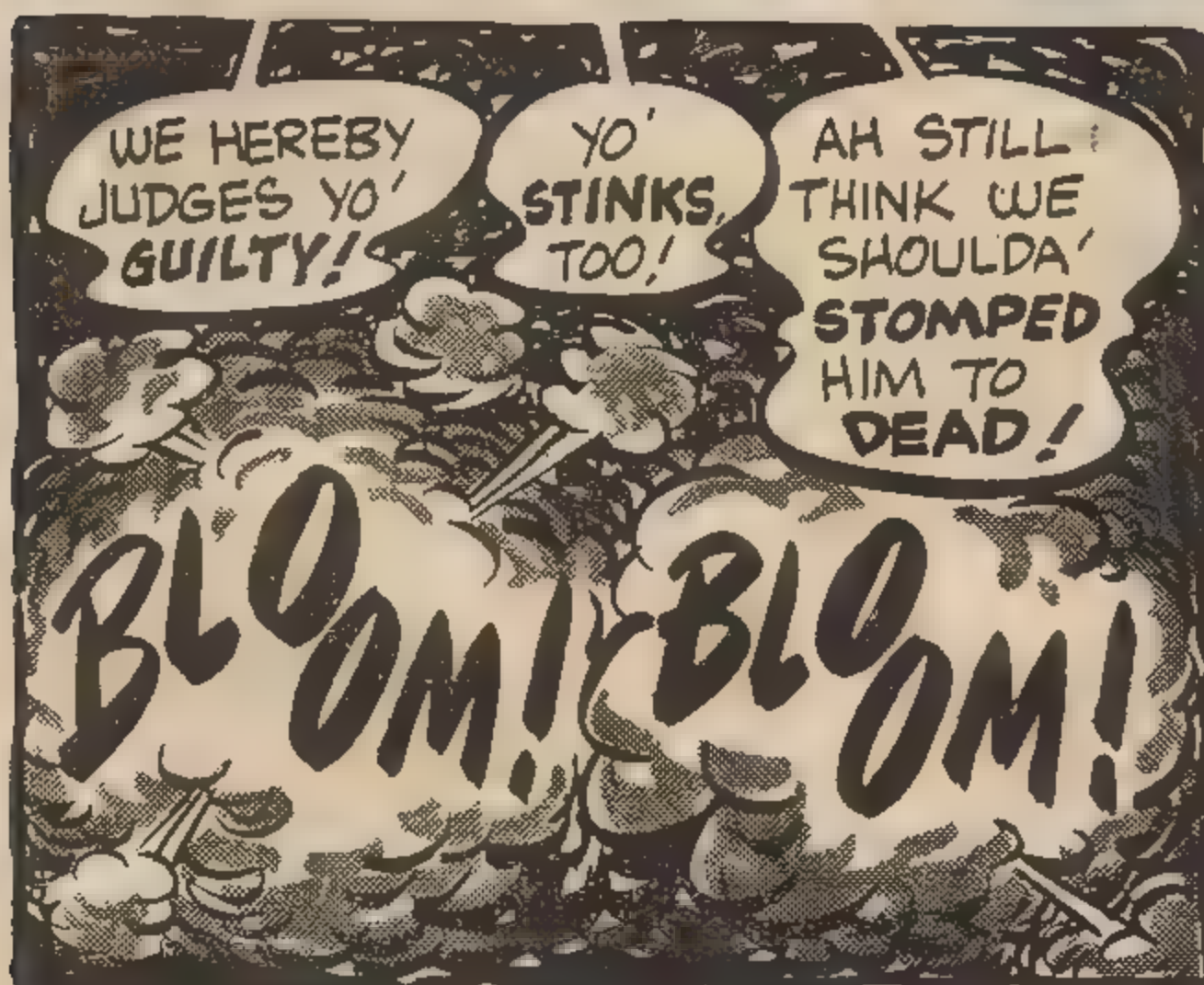
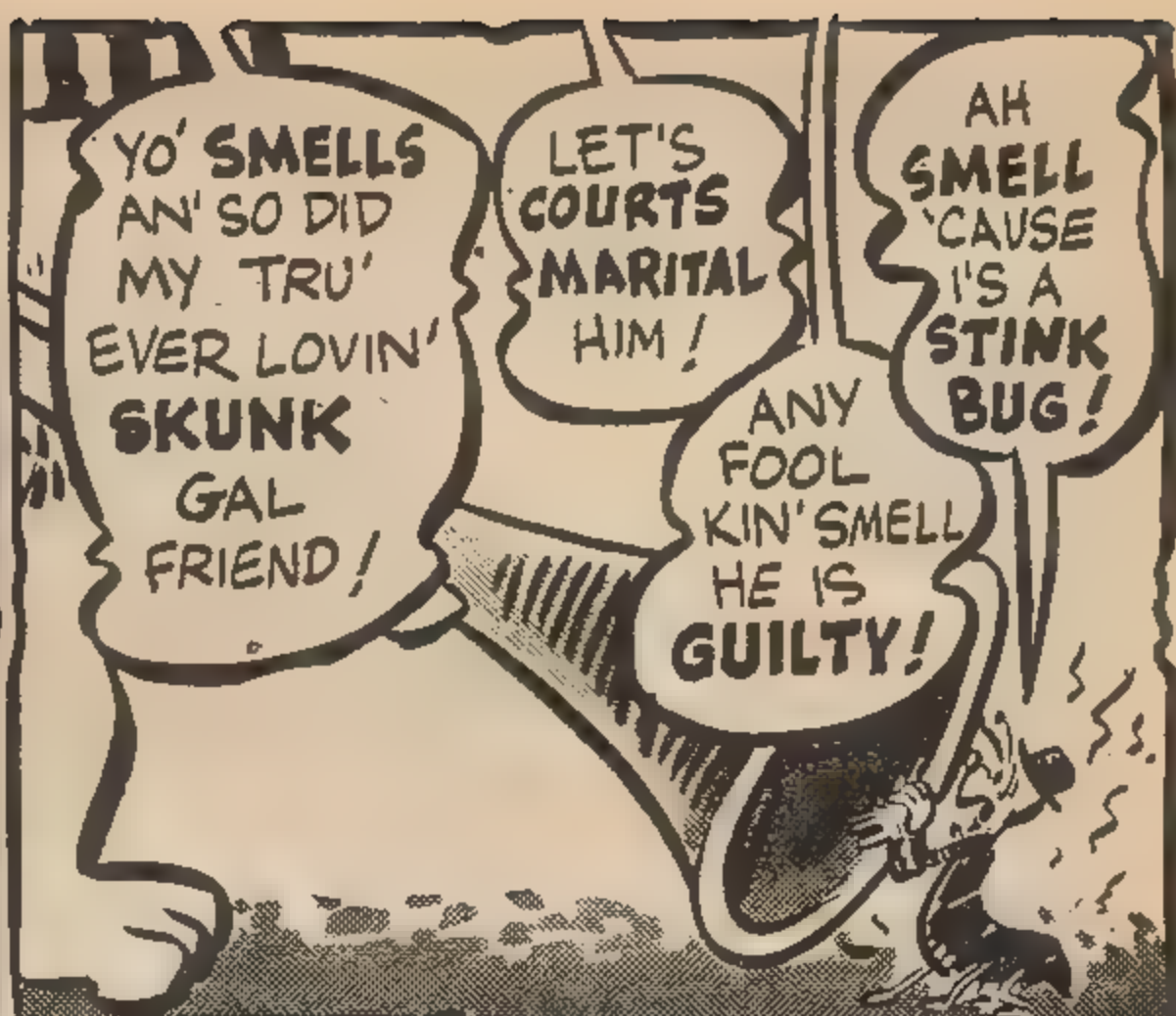


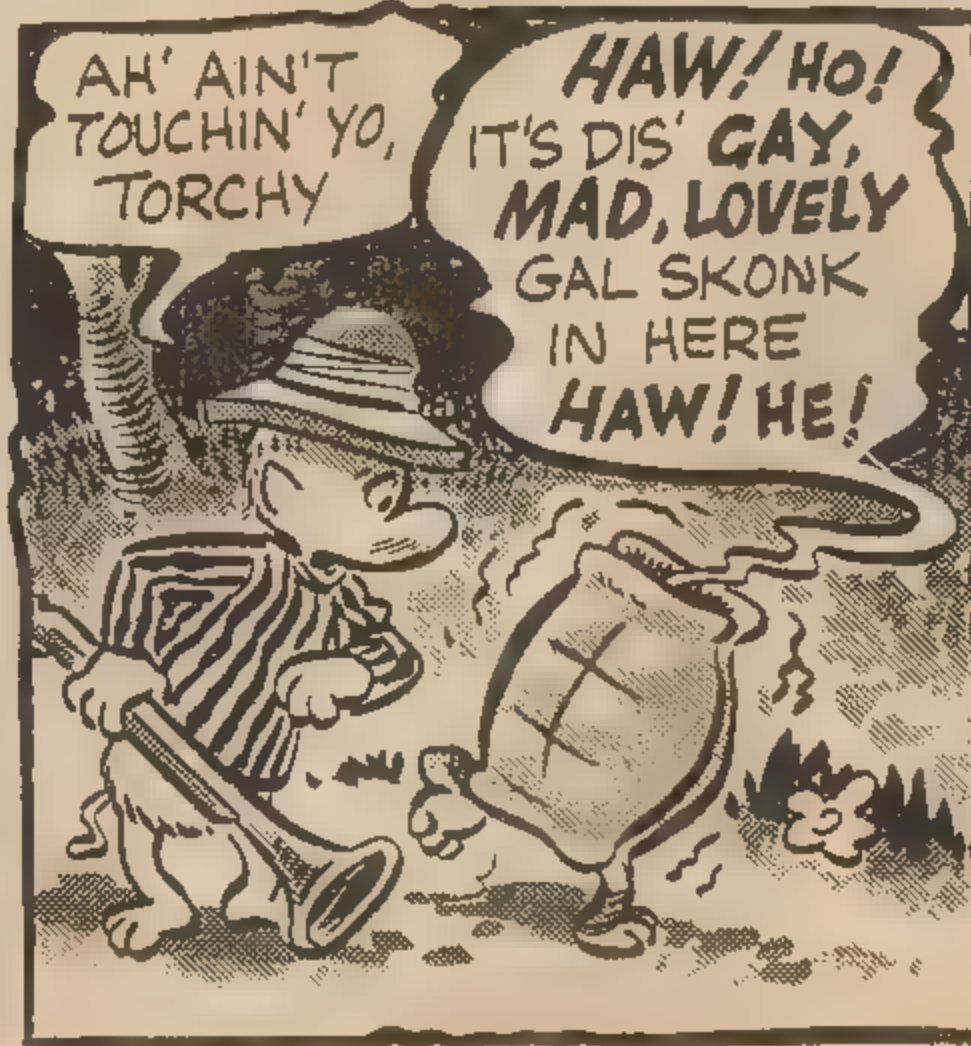
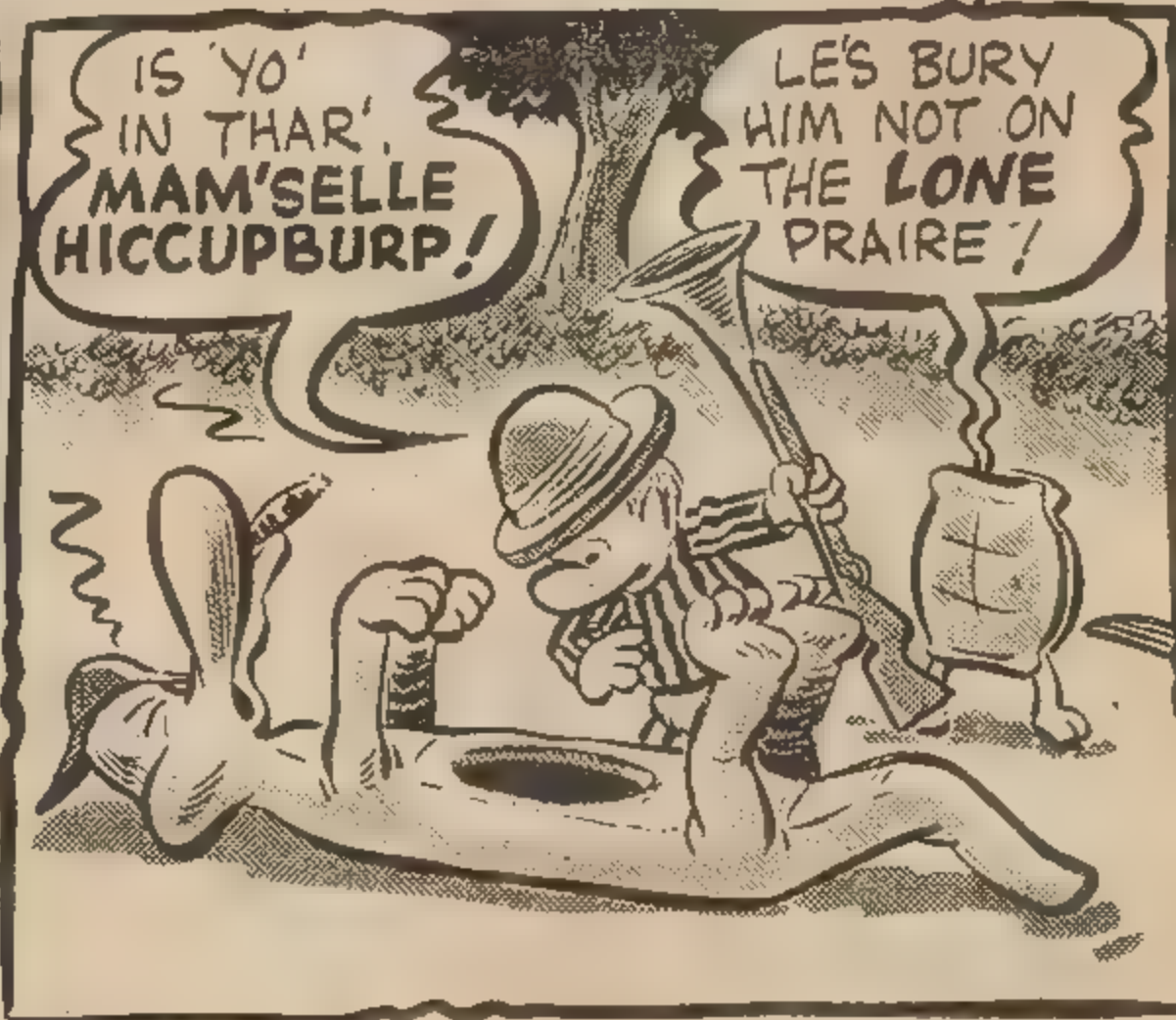
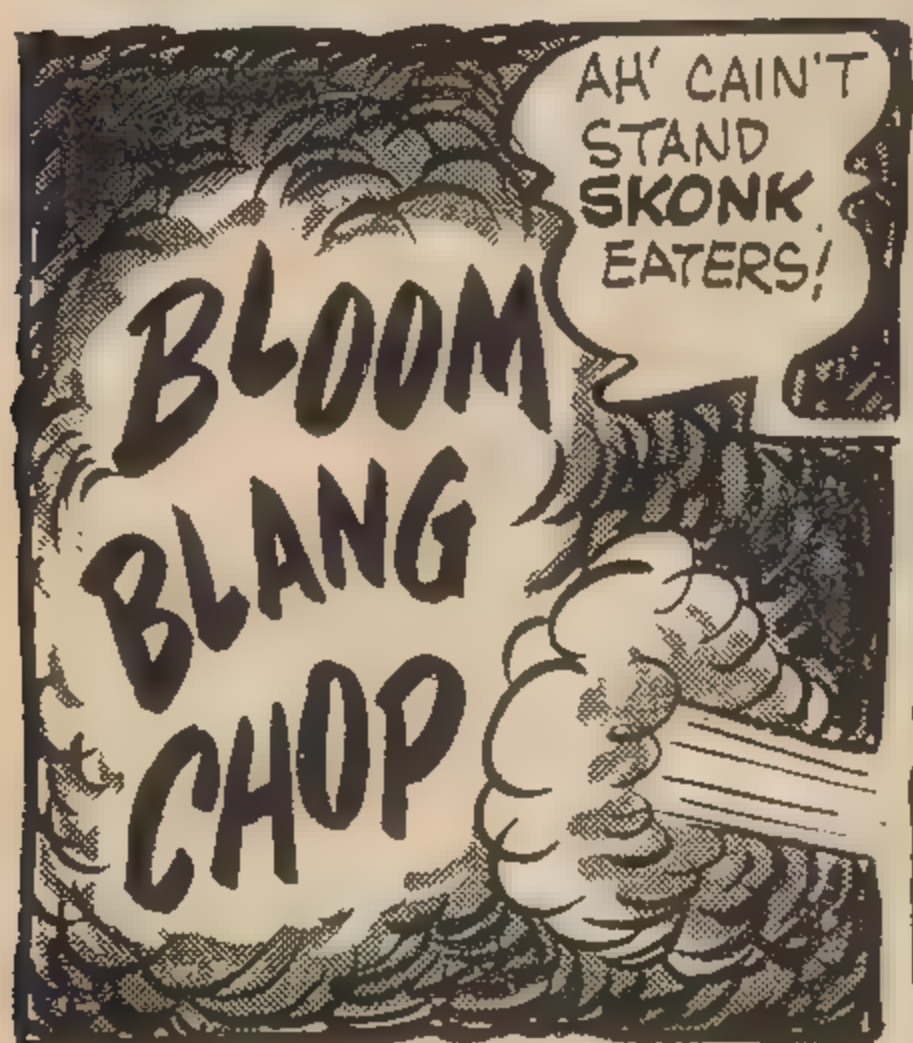
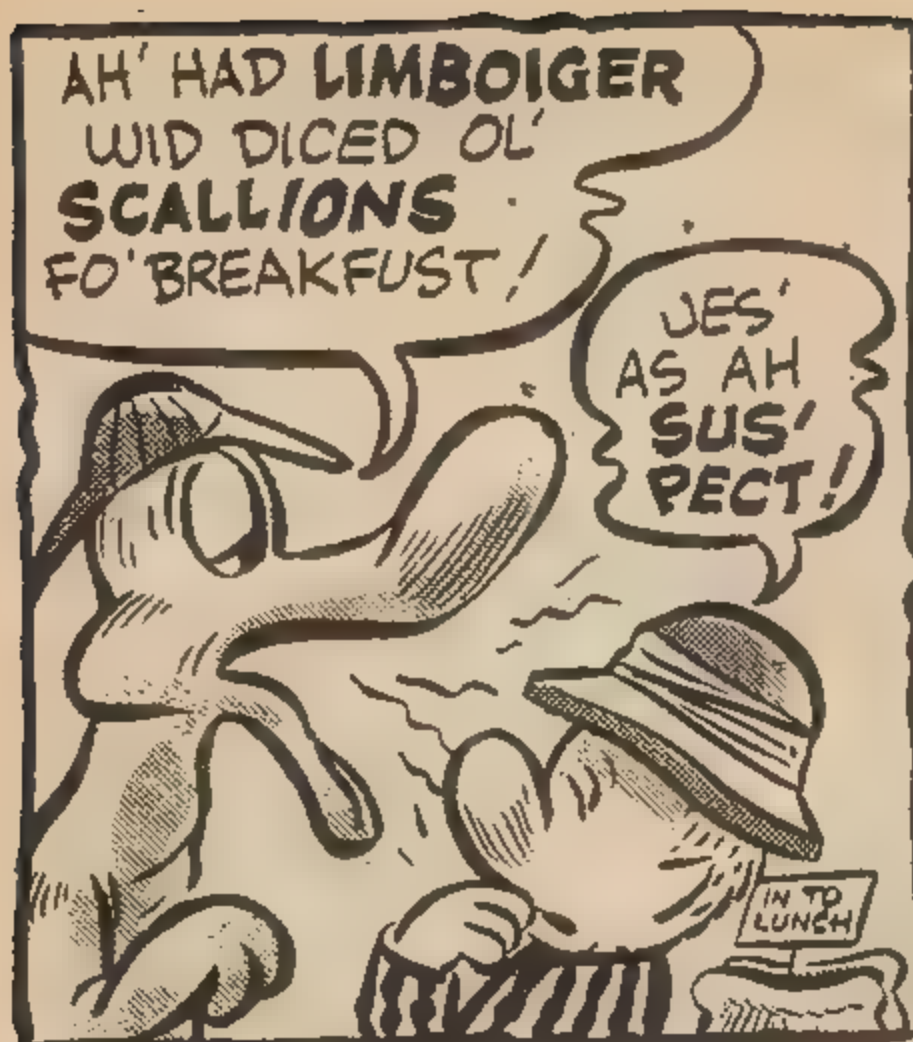
THAS' RIGHT! AND
I'M DING DANGED
MAD! **WAIT!**
I SEE A SUSPECT!

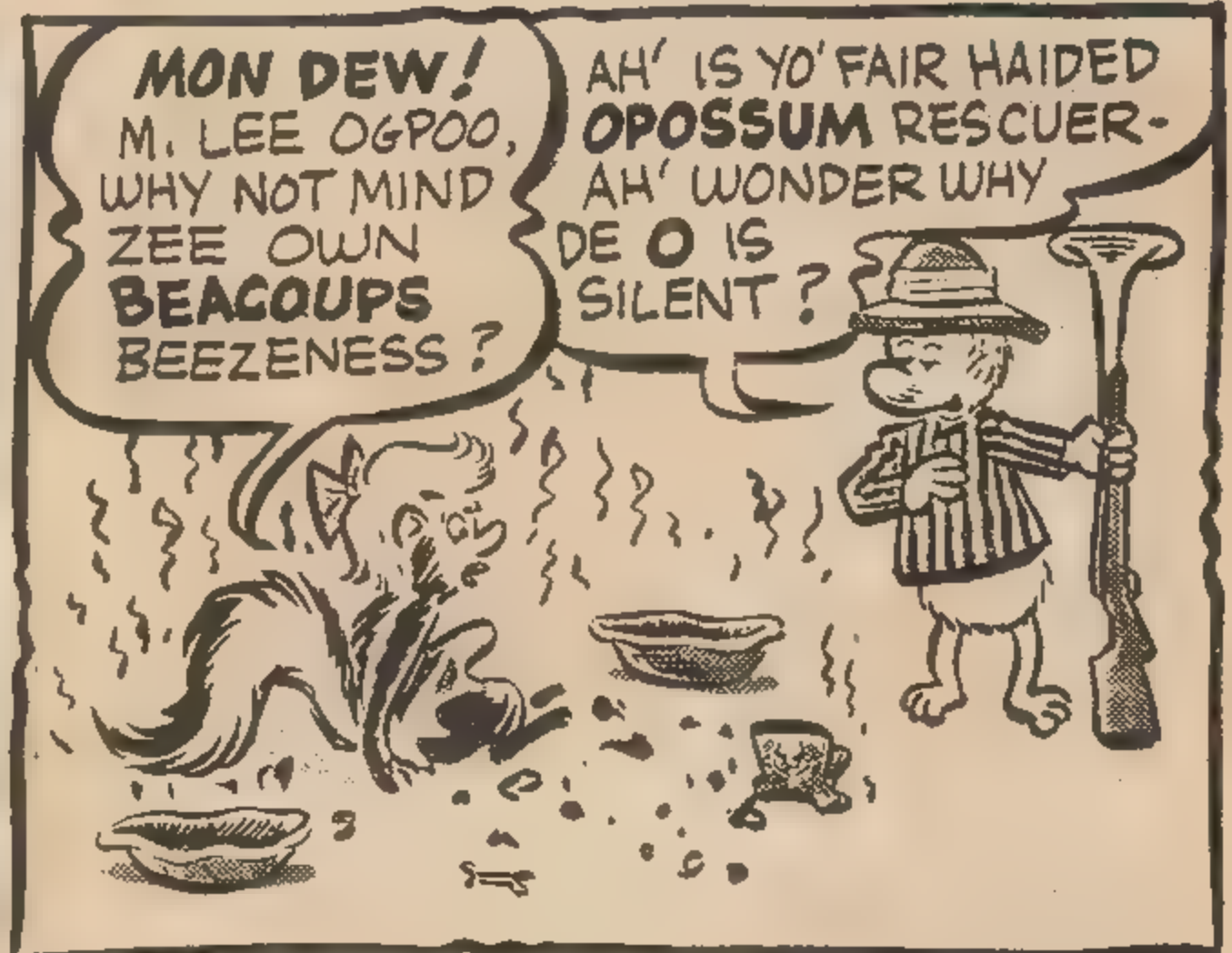
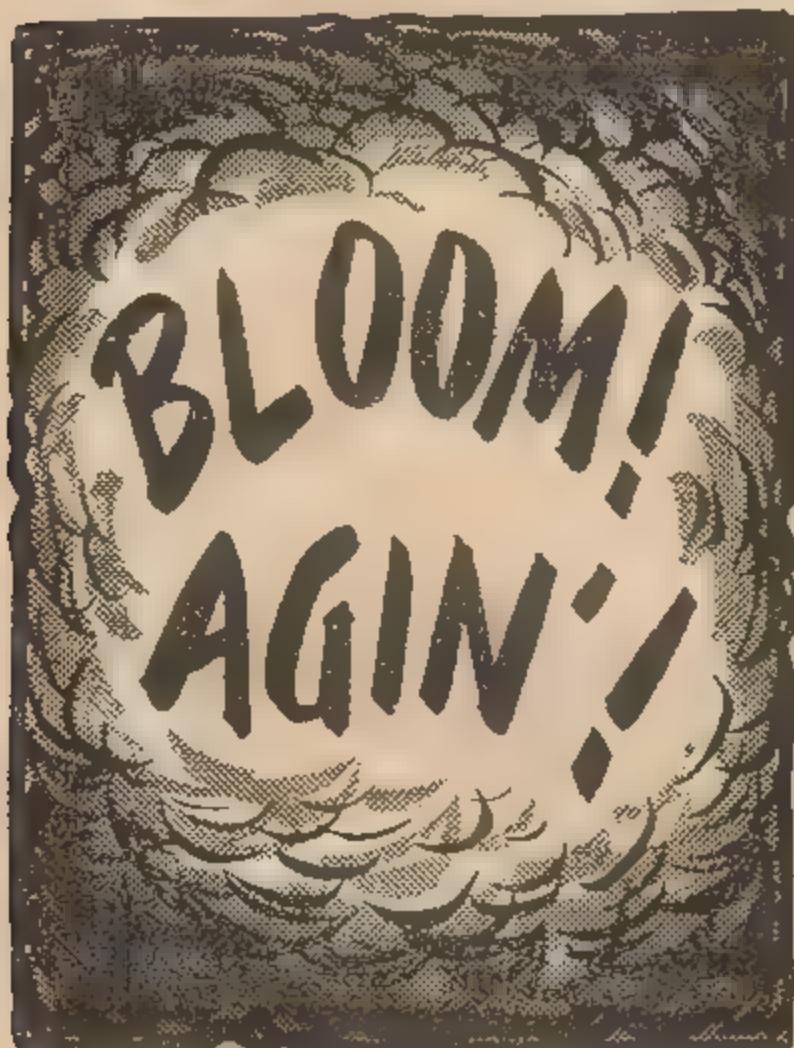
ALL RIGHT,
PARDNER-
REACH!

YEAH, WHERE
DID YOU LEAVE
MAM'SELLE
HICCUPBURP'S
POOR TORN
BODY?









"Daddy, why can't I go out and play like the other kids?"

"Shut up and deal."

★ ★ ★

A teacher was calling roll.

"Robinson."

"Here."

"Rosenthal."

"Here."

"Mary Smith."

"Here."

"Wanamaker."

Chorus — "Yes."

★ ★ ★

A Brookline home owner was mowing his lawn dressed in his oldest clothes. A woman in a fine car stopped and asked him: "What do you get for mowing lawns?"

"The lady who lives here lets me sleep with her," replied the home owner.

The lady drove away without comment.

Judge: Are you sure this man is drunk?

Cop: Well, he was carrying a manhole cover, and he said he was taking it home to play on his victrola.

★ ★ ★

Pi: Who was that bill collector we threw out last night?

Phi: That was no bill collector, that was our chapter supervisor.

★ ★ ★

There are those who claim that silk isn't necessarily the best thing in the world, but most people will agree it's about the nearest thing to it.

★ ★ ★

She: "I'm bored with marriage. Harry hasn't kissed me since my honeymoon."

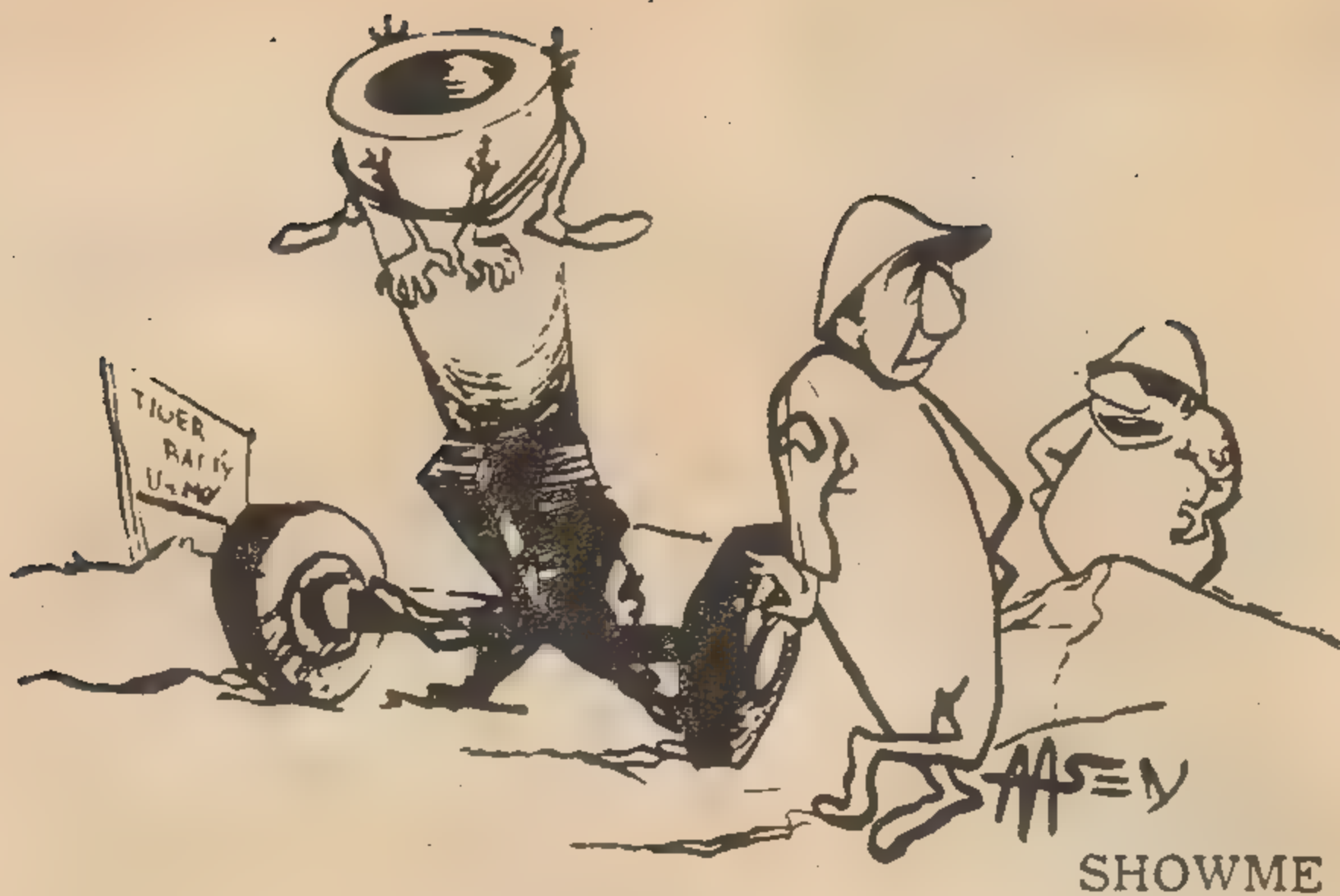
Her: "You ought to divorce him."

She: "I can't. Harry isn't my husband."



"Whadya mean your name's not Livingstone?"

Tiger



"Where's the Sergeant?"

Joe has a glass eye, you know.
No, I didn't. Did he tell you?
No, it just came out during the conversation.

★ ★ ★

Two Wacs returning late one night got into the wrong barracks — those of the enlisted men. One lost her head and ran; the other remained calm and collected.

★ ★ ★

Mother: "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier."
Colonel: "Is he in R.O.T.C.?"
Mother: "Yes."
Colonel: "Don't worry, madam, he isn't."

★ ★ ★

The sailor had missed his ship. He watched it majestically steaming through the Golden Gate. With his arms around the girl's waist and a gloomy look on his face, he muttered, "Now, honey, we're both in trouble."

Freshman: May I have this dance?
Suave Junior: Sorry, but I never dance with a child.
Freshman: Oh, excuse me. I didn't know your condition.

★ ★ ★

Who's that?
A friend of mine. A girl I used to sleep with.
Shocking! Where?
Chemistry lecture.

★ ★ ★

A comely young matron stepped on the drugstore scales after devouring a giant sundae and was shocked at what she beheld. Promptly she slipped off her coat and tried it again. The results were still unflattering, so she slid off her shoes. But then she discovered she was out of pennies. Without a moment's hesitation, the lad behind the soda fountain stepped forward.

"Don't stop now," he volunteered. "I've got a handful of pennies and they're all yours."

The Natives and

the Grass Mice

There once was an island in the Pacific, Kunkadai by name, that was peopled by natives of the aboriginal grass mouse culture. They were so called because the island abounded in small grass mice, from which the natives derived their sustenance.

The natives were intelligent little chaps, but quite superstitious and very sloppy. They were afraid of the dark, and when the equatorial night pounced on them they would leave whatever they were doing and dash to their huts, as if the absence of light would somehow cause them harm. Another habit was their method of disposing of the bones of the grass mice, which they would take into the forest and dump any old place in a sloppy heap.

The grass mice, on the other hand, had sensitive eyes sorely affected by sunlight, and only came out of their grass burrows when night fell. The natives took advantage of this by raking the fields in the daytime to dislodge the mice from their grass burrows. The mice were heavy sleepers, and seldom awoke until they were about to become mouse stew, or peach mousse, or some other native delicacy.

Naturally the mice were much disturbed by the constant deletion of their numbers. It was especially terrible when the natives had their big feasts — the bones would be spread far and wide, and almost every mouse family would have a missing relative; a sister or brother, mother or uncle. The mice held field meetings and council meetings, but because they never saw the natives they were unable to determine the cause of their misery. In spite of their efforts the bone piles remained a mystery to them; there was no logical distribution of bones, or trace of their origin.

Then one day a group of missionaries came to convert the natives and teach them

good, Christian habits. "Look at the mess your island is in, with all those filthy bones spread around," they would say, and "You must get over your silly fear of the dark."

The natives were very impressed. Their superstition led them to regard the white men as gods, which the missionaries secretly loved, being rather conceited. The missionaries' favorite trick was to stand outside at night and hurl insults at the natives' gods, thus assuring their divine position, and also helping the natives to overcome their phobia of darkness.

Soon the natives of Kunkadai were behaving in a most Christian manner. Their camp and the surrounding jungle became devoid of bones since the missionaries had built a huge crib in which the natives might stow all the leftover bones, and the fear of the dark was slowly overcome.

Unfortunately, of course, the missionaries did not know that the mice suddenly realized what was happening to them. There was a beaten path to the bone pile which led back to the village, and sometimes during the night they saw and heard men moving about the village. The mice thereupon held a huge meeting and decided that since there seemed no way to dispose of the menace, that they should make some grass boats and go to the next island, the island of Andropopei. They did this quietly, early in the morning before the sun was up, when even the missionaries were asleep.

The natives, deprived of their food, ate the missionaries, and, having finished the missionaries, moved to another island, leaving Kunkadai entirely depopulated.

MORAL: People who thrive on grass mice shouldn't stow bones.

Bannard — Tiger



Who was that lady I saw you with last night?

That was no lady. That was my roommate. He just walks that way.

★ ★ ★

Sigma Chi: I want to do something big, something clean.

She: Why don't you wash an elephant?

★ ★ ★

Assistant: But you can't make a movie out of that play. It's all about Lesbians.

Sam Goldwyn: So what? We'll make them Americans in the picture.

★ ★ ★

Over cocktails glances seem so sweet.
How will they look over shredded wheat?

★ ★ ★

FOR SALE OR LEASE

Parking space on Mass. Ave Reasonable rates. Owner deceased. Terms can be arranged.

★ ★ ★

Did you know that fat in a woman is like sugar in tea? It soon settles to the bottom.

★ ★ ★

Tramp: "Have you got a dime for a cup of coffee?"

Frosh: "No. but I'll get by somehow."

Sim: "Been sleeping well?"

Jim: "Well, I sleep good nights, and I sleep good mornings. But afternoons I just seem to twist and turn."

★ ★ ★

Adolescence; the age when a girl's voice changes . . . from "no" to "yes."

★ ★ ★

You should be kind to your friends. If it were not for them, you would be a total stranger.

★ ★ ★

He: "It won't be long to Spring."

She: "How long will it be then?"

★ ★ ★

People who live in glass houses might as well; everybody knows they do.

★ ★ ★

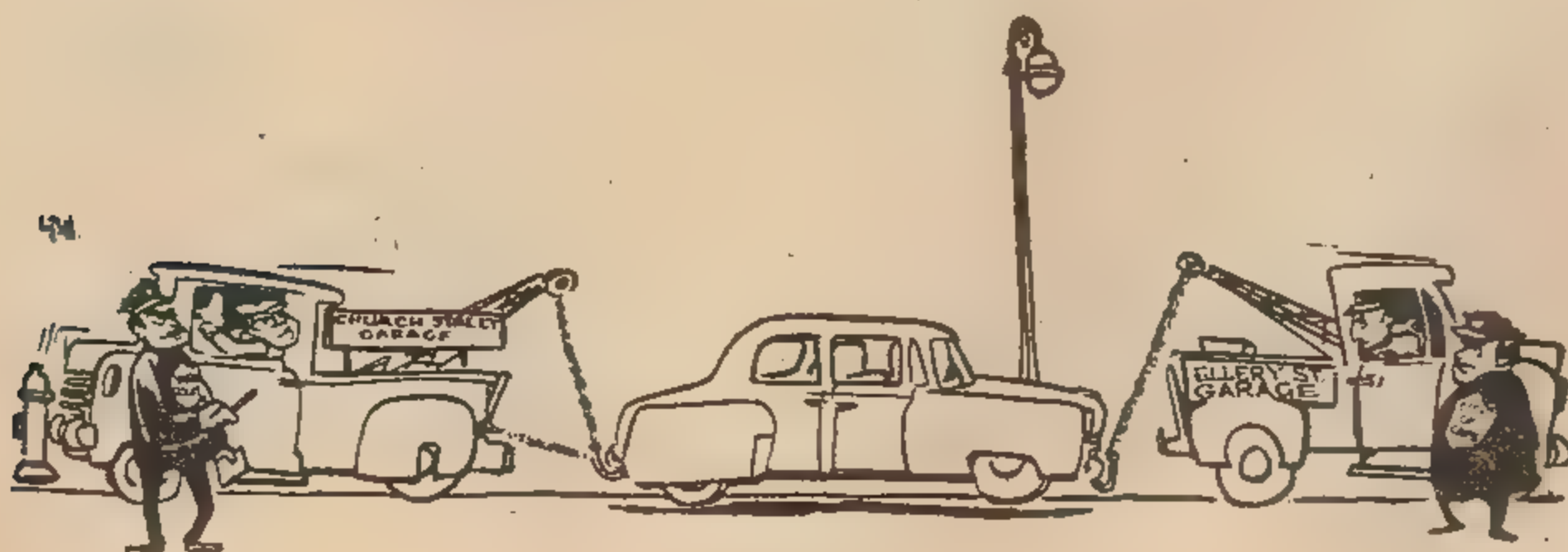
Some girls are cold sober.
Others are always cold.

★ ★ ★

Stone Age lover's slogan: I came, I saw, I conked her.

★ ★ ★

As one girl explains it: He's tall, dark and hands.



The Seven Lively Arts



GAMBLING



DRINKING



DANCING



SINGING



MAKING LOVE



COOKING

RACK-

Inside the Frat House



Showme TRIES (BUT NOT VERY HARD)

A REALLY CLEAN SPREAD

Dearest Harry:
I arrived
the college crowd here -
live; it's been sitting -
the sun.

Ocean Sands Beach Club
March 17, 1957

Dearest Harry:

I arrived here last night, and I guess the college crowd hasn't arrived yet. I've just been sitting around on the beach sopping up the sun and getting good and brown so that I can come back to Poughkeepsie nice and brown. I went swimming for most of the afternoon. The water is fabulous.

I've got to run now, so I guess I'll end here. I guess this letter hasn't made much sense. Please forgive me for being so stupid.

Lots and lots of love,
Penny

* * *

1877 Yale Station
March 19, 1957.

Dearest Penny:

Well, the old college is almost empty except for the guys like me who are working on their senior theses. I've got the first chapter done now and am pretty well into the second. The islands sound

pretty good. It's snowing again! I'll be glad when some good movies come into town.

I miss you like the devil, and can't wait until you get back and we can be together again. Don't fall in love with anybody!

Lots and lots of love,
Harry

* * *

Ocean Sands Beach Club
March 20, 1957

Dearest Harry:

The college crowd finally arrived and I must say the islands are every bit as everyone says they are. Party-party-party! The most divine people. I met a man who actually *lives* here last night! His name is senor Somebody and I call him "Senor" and he calls me his "little Penny." He really is a dream. Your roommate Bob is down here. I never realized what a great guy he is.

I guess I'd better run. There's a beach party Senor asked me to. I think of you a lot up in New Haven with all the snow.

Lots of love,
Penny

1877 Yale Station
March 21, 1957

Dearest Penny:

Chapter Two is DONE! I went to see 30 Seconds Over Tokyo last night. Great Flick.

I miss you so much, I bet you're as brown as a berry! Can't wait to see you again. I guess I'll look pretty white when you come back. I think it must have something to do with all this damn snow. Your letters have been wonderful, and I appreciate them a lot.

Lots and lots of love,

Harry

* * *

Ocean Sands Beach Club
March 23, 1957

Dearest Harry:

The strangest thing happened! You know Bob, well he and Senor Bouillion got into an argument about who was going to take me out tonight, and they had a duel right on the beach with pistols and they were both hurt and had to go to the hospital. I met the most divine interne who is really serious about becoming a doctor and he asked me to have supper with him at his family's place. It really is yummy! They have this big house that overlooks the cliff and the water is simply miles down.

I bet the snow is awful! Have you been doing any work on your thesis?

Love,

Penny

* * *

1877 Yale Station
March 24, 1957

Dearest Penny:

What happened to Bob? Good grief it sounds like you must really be having a wild time down there! Chapter Four is done and out of the way! It snowed again last night. They had a Kiddy Kartoon Karnival show down at the Poli last night. Great Flick.

Only one more week and we'll be together again. I sure miss you!

Loads of love,

Harry

* * *

Ocean Sands Beach Club
March 27, 1957

Dear Harry:

Bob's up and around. Senor Bouillion is so nice about it. All the Yale guys like him. They call him Seno Bolla-bolla. Isn't that the cutest?!! He is just so divine. He wants me to stay down here with him. Have you done any work on your thesis yet?

Luv,

Penny

* * *

1877 Yale Station
March 29, 1957

Dearest Penny:

Yahoo! The thesis is almost over. Boy, I'll sure be glad to get it out of the way! It snowed again last night. There must be three feet of it in the courtyard. Glad to hear you're having such a good time.

Loads of love,

Harry

* * *

(POSTCARD)

March 29, 1957

Hi Harry! Wish you were here! With affection, Penny.

* * *

1877 Yale Station
New Haven., Conn.

Dearest Penny:

What do you mean you aren't coming back to college? Gee that's awful. I think you're making a mistake. Thesis is finished and the snow is melting.

Lots and lots of love,

Harry

* * *

April 2, 1957
Vassar College

Dearest Harry, love:

It's sad to be back, but another term is another term. Glad to hear from you again. Next weekend sounds great.

Loads of love,

Penny

Beyan — Record

The harassed driver was busily engaged with a spade in the mud beside his car when a stranger hailed him.

"Stuck in the mud?" asked the stranger.

"Oh, no," exclaimed the driver cheerfully. "My motor just died and I'm digging a grave for it."

★ ★ ★

She: "I'm perfect."

He: "I'm practice."

★ ★ ★

Wife: "What's wrong, John?"

"My razor won't cut at all!" growled a voice from the bathroom.

Wife: "Don't be silly. Your beard can't be tougher than linoleum."

★ ★ ★

When a girl tells a fella she's a perfect 36, she expects him to grasp what she is talking about.

Knees are a luxury these days, and if you don't believe it, just try and get your hands on one.

★ ★ ★

"Melvin, Melvin!"

"What, ma?"

"Are you spitting in the fishbowl?"

"No, ma, but I'm coming pretty close."

★ ★ ★

Old-time mosquito to young skeeter. And to think that when I was your age, I was only biting girls on the face and hands.

★ ★ ★

Wellesley girl (on board ship): "Where is the captain?"

Mate: "He's forward, Miss."

W. G.: "Oh, that's all right. This is a pleasure trip."



"Can't you ever lose gracefully?"



"But I don't wear panties . . ."



Knorton piled all his old copies of *Life* Magazine in the middle of the apartment floor and jumped up and down on them in his bare feet.

"Thus," he shouted, "I symbolically cast off the fetters of my mundane existence. And thus," he continued, slipping on a pair of sandals, "I symbolically enter the brave new world of culture. It also protects the feet against rusty staples."

"And by one more simple gesture," Knorton shouted, "I enclose myself in a

wall of learning." He took a book with a mauve cover from a bag and inserted it into an opening in a bookcase full of books with mauve covers.

"How aesthetically perfect," Knorton screamed. He trotted over to another wall lined with books with pink covers, somersaulted backwards into a wall full of books with slightly off-green covers, and came to a rolling stop underneath several hundred volumes bound in tinted violet.

"How unfortunate I only have four

A Matter of Taste

walls," Knorton thought, gazing longingly at the ceiling from which hung *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* bound in suede.

Knorton selected a record from one of several piles of recordings scattered around the room and placed the record on the turntable of a huge phonograph, the only piece of furniture in the room, from which a small spiral of incense arose.

"Friend and companion," said Knorton, patting the phonograph on its head. "I shall wallow in culture," he exclaimed, letting several novels cascade over him. "I shall bathe in hot and cold running classics. I shall be nourished on . . ."

He walked over to the refrigerator and opened it. Books in yellow covers rolled out.

". . . saute of Milton, fricassee of Chaucer." He looked into the deep freeze. "Dostoevski."

"Truly a diet fit for a king. Even my stomach seems to cry out in exuberance. Perhaps I should have something to remind me of my foolish youth before my cultural renaissance."

Knorton cut out some pictures of baked hams from the *Life* Magazines and laid them on the table. "I suppose the paper is of the usual poor quality. As I suspected, my knife and fork will hardly cut them, and they taste rather cheap. How fortunate I was to escape."

"It is interesting," Knorton thought, "how I am attracted to these books bound in calfskin. The insides are atrocious. The outsides are . . ." He nibbled the edge of the binding. ". . . of an even poorer quality, but like many authors, could be improved by salting." He found some catsup and finished off the calfskins.

"How the rest of my books resemble many authors; only a thin veneer of vegetable coloring over tasteless pasteboard. I shall turn to my music."

Knorton put *Afternoon of a Faun* on the record player.

"I have always been partial to venison," he thought. "Fowl is also quite tasty," he decided after hearing *Swan Lake* several times, "but the records nowadays are of an

inferior quality. I hope that nibble in the edge will not harm the tone any."

Knorton was sitting in the middle of the floor listening to the *Chocolate Soldier* when a young lady walked in the door.

"Hello, I'm Mimi. I live upstairs. Do you mind if I listen to your music?"

"Is that a candy bar you are eating, child?" asked Knorton.

"Only half a candy bar. I have to go on a diet. All I do all day is eat, eat, eat."

"Really, really, really," commented Knorton. "You have only a quarter of a candy bar left now. May I suggest books and music as a hobby to get your mind off eating? You're dropping nuts on the carpet. Let me retrieve them for you."

"It went under the rug. I can't afford any records. My daddy owns a poor but thriving delicatessen."

"I happen to be in the process of eliminating my collection. How about half of the *Afternoon of a Faun* for the other half of your candy bar for a start?"

"Gee, you caught that nut in midair. What would I do with half a record? Anyway, somebody took a bite out of it."

"That's a micro-groove, child. Besides, you can only play one side of a record at a time. Does your father sell hams?"

"Sure, why?"

"Just curious. Don't slip going downstairs. That phonograph's heavy."

Knorton was finishing his salami sandwich when Mimi walked in.

"Dad says that I have to get that junk out of his shop. People keep coming in and wanting to trade in their old TV sets for sirloin. Dad sold 12 pounds of 45's as plank steak before he realized it. Dad says you have to get Tschaikovsky out of the showcase. People think it's some kind of cheese."

Knorton thumbed through his collection. "You want to stop eating, don't you? You want to enter the brave new world of culture, don't you? You want to cast off the fetters of your mundane existence, don't you?"

"Yes, sure, but . . ."

Knorton held up a record. "How about a bolero for a bologna?"

Terry Wollter — Pelican

Adolescent Activities



Working in a hotel offers many opportunities for the enterprising fellow. Especially, if you know lots of girls, around school or otherwise, you can make an admirable amount of money as a bell hop.



If you are fortunate enough to have neighbors nearby, you can turn them into a welcome source of income. First devote a few evenings to listening and watching attentively at their windows. When you think you have heard enough, get busy and write a threatening letter. The money will just come pouring in.

Want to have fun and earn some loot to boot, kids? Well, here are some valuable suggestions that Phos has excerpted from that fascinating new book, "Fun for Boys (and Girls)" now available in a plain cover at that little store just around the corner.



You can gain valuable experience about the world and be a hit among your friends if you sell interesting art pictures. Just ask for Mike who runs the little store just around the corner, and he will give you complete details.



Don't forget the old lemonade stand, kids. The whole secret is in mixing the right kind of lemonade. Once you have this mastered you can really get down to business.

Agent: Sir, I have something here which will make you popular, make your life happier, and bring you a host of friends.
Student: I'll take a quart.

★ ★ ★

Two farmers at a Dublin Fair were fascinated by a booth where little celluloid balls bobbed on top of water jets. Customers were offered substantial prizes if they succeeded in shooting any one of the balls off its perch. One of the Irishmen spent six shillings in a vain attempt to pick off one ball. Finally his friend pushed him aside and picked up the rifle.

"Watch how I do it." He took a single shot. All six balls disappeared.

As they walked away from the booth laden with prizes, the unsuccessful one marveled, "However did you do it, McHugh?"

"It just took knowing how," explained McHugh. "I shot the man who was working the pump."

★ ★ ★

"I don't want any callers this afternoon," said the chairman of one of the university departments to his secretary.

"If they say their business is important, just tell them that's what they all say."

That afternoon a lady called and insisted on seeing him. "I am his wife," she exclaimed.

"That's what they all say," replied the secretary.

★ ★ ★

It was 3 a.m. after a glorious evening. In a few minutes a series of unearthly squawks howled out of the radio. His wife looked into the room and discovered him twisting the dial back and forth frantically.

"For heaven's sake," she exclaimed. "What in the world are you doing?"

"G'way, G'way! Don't bother me," he yelled. "Some poor devil's locked in the safe and I've forgot the combination."

★ ★ ★

Pretty Girls Are The Kind All This Like At Look Men

★ ★ ★

• People who live in gall bladders shouldn't throw stones.

★ ★ ★

Bell Hop (making a lady and gentleman comfortable): "Anything else, sir?"

Guest: "No, thank you."

Bell Hop: "Anything for your wife?"

Guest: "Why yes, bring me a post card."

★ ★ ★

Said one bra to the other: "Let's take off and leave her flat."



As the great man once said:
I will fold my Arab like a camel.
And silently steal his tents.

★ ★ ★

Said the lispng shoe salesman to his
lady customer: Thit down pleth while I
look up your thize.

★ ★ ★

These are my grandmother's ashes.
Oh, so the poor old soul has passed on?
No. She's just too lazy to look for an
ashtray.

★ ★ ★

You can lead a girl to Vassar, but you
can't make her think.

★ ★ ★



Noel

Showme

"But Junior . . . that's not the point. How would you feel if Jimmy pushed
YOU down the garbage disposal?"

The Tweed

National recognition may be the proof of the pudding; the pudding's ingredients, in this case, being the tuft and herringbone of the Princeton tweed. Magazines from *Holiday* to *Playboy* have discussed the issue of the Ivy League look, and *Sports Illustrated* has gotten down to the brass tacks with Princeton as the focal point for tweedy attention.

It isn't a local thing, confined to the Ivied walls of Nassau or the urban habitat of New Haven; U.C.L.A. is switching from suedes to bucks, they would have us believe, and at Ohio leather jackets as a vogue have been replaced by Chesterfields. J. Press and Chipp are taking business from Klein's on the Square in the N.Y.U. vicinity.

Using the Princeton University Band, (the tweediest bunch around) for the focal point, *Sports Illustrated* put forth the claim that Princeton is the home of the tweediest; here the bolts are woven, here the styles are set. Quite a claim to force our local Brummels to live up to. The question at hand is; are we at Princeton prepared to accept this rare distinction — can we rightfully wear this hairy crown of tweed? THE PRINCETON TIGER has gone into a definitive study to clarify this situation and here will discuss the form, the structure, and the meaning of the Princeton "tweed."

Sports Illustrated snapped their graphic pictures during a football weekend and, granted, like the full moon for the Wolf Man, this is the time when closeted tweeds have their forte. Is this an honest picture? What becomes of the tweed during the week, during that Monday to Friday grind? Here lies the nexus of validity. Many a Princetonian has gone to Smith or Briarcliff for the weekend and viewed the tweediest scene on record, but the unsated ones who hung around till Monday are a disillusioned lot, for they are the ones that saw the weekend Lanin Hats give way to the Monday morning curlers.

Is Princeton guilty of such a variation of dress when the Friday-Saturday-Sunday festivities cease? What would "Joe Northwestern" say if he could see Princeton Charley grabbing a quick Balt Breakfast

Ring

before that 9:40 on Tuesday. Is Charley really a "week long tweed"?

We must answer in the affirmative. F. Scott Fitzgerald has asserted — Hemingway has hinted — Salinger has worked it over — and now, finally, *Sports Illustrated* has given the final seal of national approval with a pictorial survey in their October seventeenth issue. Yes, let the truth be known — the Princeton man is a week-long-twelve-months-a-year-tweed.

With the splash of Autumn colors on McCosh Walk comes the ever blending of the browns and grays hurrying on their way to classes. Against those cool early morning breezes one can see countless tweed collars turned up. Burberry overcoats abound. Here and there is seen a jocky tweed in his traditional boater and mouton-collared coat. A natty tweed may sport a Polo to that 8:40 or perhaps a double breasted Harris boasting a matching hat.

When lunch time rolls around most of the students rebel from the bourgeois atmosphere of the Commons. As a rule they gather on the lawns in back of the clubs or around the senior sundial. Here the tweed-jackered sons of Nassau pour pre-1:20 cocktails from elegant leather portable bars and eat box-lunch sandwiches before the bell. A continental tweed in his tufty arm-patched coat sips wine on the steps of the Chapel.

Sunny fall afternoons the Princeton campus is a bustle of bright colors and casual tweed outfits. The outdoor man still wears his oxford-gray tropical worsteds and his white tennis sneakers, grass-stained from the lawn courts at the Rockaway Hunt Club. Oftentimes seen to complete this wardrobe is a trim Shetland sweater, imported from England. Smart blue blazers abound with their colorful escutcheons from school, club, or regiment. The barrage of Autumn hues is supplemented with heavy brown tweeds and herringbone patterns, touches of yellow and green, and trim caps forward. It is truly a panorama of well-groomed distinction.

Happily it is that *Town and Country* and *Vogue* picked Princeton as the tweedy

style setter of the nation. Proof positive is given every day not in the oft used setting of Blair Arch or '79 Hall, but in the plain old everyday picture at the Firestone Library, where the clothes-conscious Princeton man can be seen emerging with his worn copy of *This Side of Paradise*.

Complementing, and being a part of the impeccable taste in the Princeton man's dress is his religious concern with good grooming. His hair is always at a short, neat length — his chin never gives hint to the slightest shadow. A nightly ritual in the Nassau dorms is the hour set aside for shining shoes and applying a brush to the always spotless and well-pressed tweed outfits. Here a worn cuff or a frayed collar is a social taboo.

What are the reasons, you may ask, for this sterling record and tradition of the complete and well groomed Princeton tweed. The R.O.T.C. officers claim that the large number of students with military attachments, and therefore a keen pride and interest in staying neat and clean looking, have started the ball rolling.

Perhaps the example has been set by the bicker conscious sophomores or, even more so, by the older, experienced, and looked-up-to seniors. These are the men with three years of college behind them so therefore it would seem quite natural for them to know *what* to wear and to be proud and ready to set the example.

It has also been considered possible by the clothes study groups that have visited the Princeton campus, (i.e. once again the *Sports Illustrated* photographers) that the great abundance of "drags" on the campus all the time is responsible. For is it not true that a young man will always try to look his best when there are girls to see him?

In any event, the Princeton man is a tweed to the core and proud of it. Now that so many national magazines have put the issue of the "Tweedy look" before the eyes of the nation we find Princeton ready and able to step into the herringbone spotlight and take on the responsibility of setting the example and style in dress. From Bar Harbor to the Balt, follow us all ye uncouth dressers. Toss away the leather jackets and the pegs — follow where we lead and get that "uniform look" — Join the Sneaker Army.

Tiger
45





BALL

A black and white cartoon illustration of a man in a cricket uniform. He is wearing a cap with a 'D' on it, a long-sleeved shirt, a belt, and large leg pads. He is holding a large cricket bat over his right shoulder and a small cup in his left hand. He has a mustache and a somewhat grumpy expression. He is standing on a patch of ground with some grass.

A black and white illustration of a man lying on his back on the ground, looking up in shock or fear. His arms are raised, and his hands are clenched into fists. A large, dense crowd of people is visible in the background, and a small, dark, rectangular object is on the ground near his head.



"Ah, yes," said Smedley Carrothers, as he turned his instep toward the fire, and burrowed an increment further into the overstuffed chair always kept for him at The Grange.

"Go on," said Mrs. Hawthorne with a nearly imperceptible movement of her perapatetic fingers, thus voicing the unexpressed sentiment which prevailed the room, teeter-tottered on the chandelier, cascaded down the mantle, and rubbed its

back against the window pane.

"Well then," was the staccato reply, which, with its unfamiliar rhythm caused a ripple of awareness to travel the length of the recumbent form of the oldest member.

Following this introductory reparte, invariably the custom before one of the celebrated raconteur's narratives, in a style incapable of being reproduced here, Smedley Carrothers related the following vignette.

It was evening in Serenity Gulch, the fabulous, fabled reactionary, pioneering town in the heart of the legendary old west. At the nerve center of the community, *The First Chance, Last Chance Gentlemen's Bar and Grill*, a wild celebration was in progress. All the boys were there: Hopalong, in his usual corner table; Tom Mix, already under his table; and, of course, good old Grool, behind the bar.

The reason for the celebration, which at the time our story begins was in full swing, was the return, earlier that day, of two of the town's favorite sons. They had strode into town, shooting out street-lights as they came, and made straight for Grool's establishment. Unrecognized they ordered a bottle of scotch and two straws. While they sat sipping, looking just like a Saturday Evening Post cover, an adorable little six year old boy wandered by.

Suddenly Gene Autry began screaming, "Look at the sniveling little brat; my God, how I hate them with their popcorn stained greasy little hands, always clutching at you." And at that he began to froth at the mouth, finally subsiding until he lay curled up in a corner moaning softly to himself.

"Weakling," said the taller of the two newcomers derisively, drawing trusty six shooter and pumping six bullets into the cute little tyke. "You just have to handle them right," he explained to the admiring crowd which had immediately gathered.

"Look, it's a silver bullet," shouted a voice from the crowd. "The Lone Ranger," said the crowd in unison, and the celebration began.

Meanwhile back at the Five Star, Red Crescent, Eagle Ranch, a dope-crazed hoss wrangler, after he had stared at a brutally murdered body, mounted his mount and rode hell-for-leather to town. When he reached Grool's place, he staggered in, looked Grool straight in the eye, and said, "It's the Sioux, Sam — on the warpath again."

As he sank to the barroom floor for the last time, while his soul prepared for its trip to that great pasture out yonder, Grool kicked his deformed body aside and muttered, "It's about time that damn Garcia got his."

Ordinarily such a message would have

meant that all the occupants of the tavern would spring to their horses, shout for cameramen, and ride; but this night nobody was in any shape to spring. After about ten minutes, the Lone Ranger's companion pulled himself to his feet and tottered toward the door. "Come, Kemosabe," he managed, and fell on his horse.

The two rode together in the togetherness of the enveloping darkness. Fearless, they rode as they had ridden on uncountable similar occasions. Finally they sighted in the distance eighteen hundred and fifty three wild eyed savages.

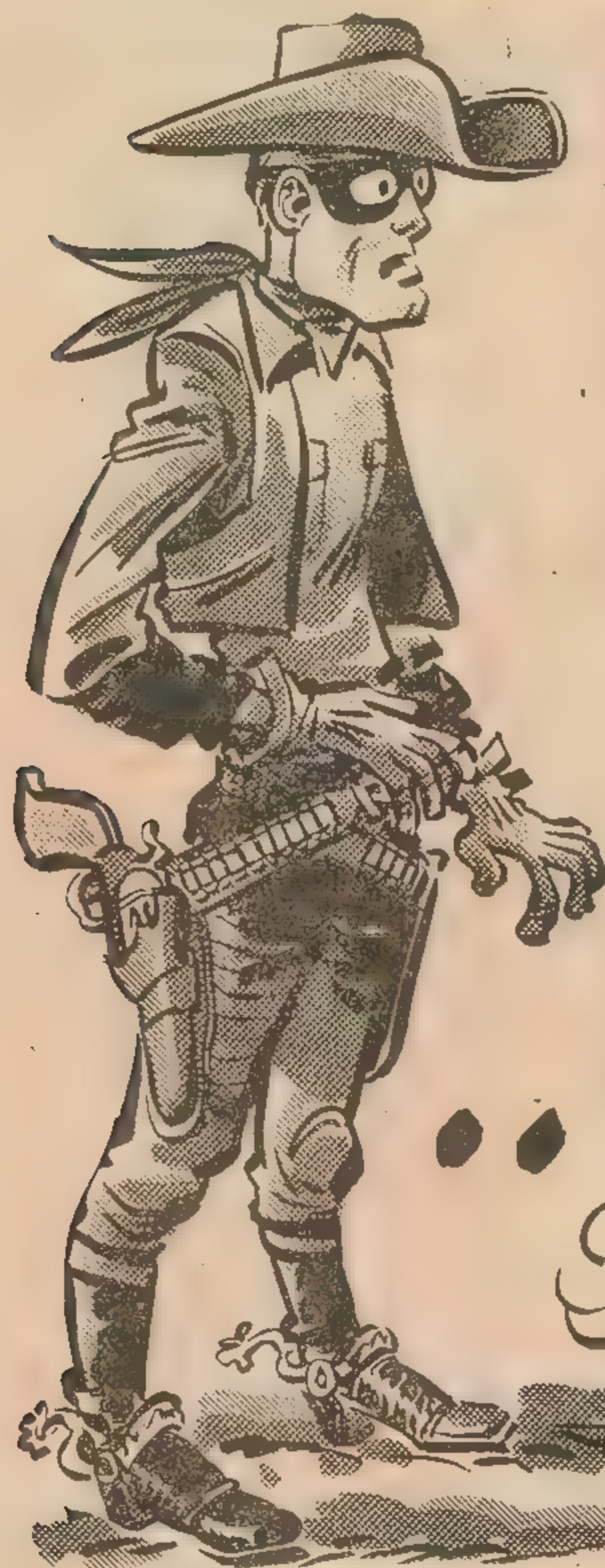
"Discretion is the better part of valor," mumbled the Lone Ranger, as they turned with one motion and rode back toward whence they had come. It was too late; they were surrounded.

On all sides shone the lithe naked bodies of the red men. The Lone Ranger and Tonto prepared to give battle, but somehow the old spirit was lacking. The Lone Ranger fired seventeen silver bullets and one copper one in a row without hitting anything.

With a grand sweeping gesture of finality he flung his gun aside; and, courageous to the end, proclaimed, "It looks like this is the end of the trail, pardner."

Tonto turned to him; "Too bad, pale-face," he said.

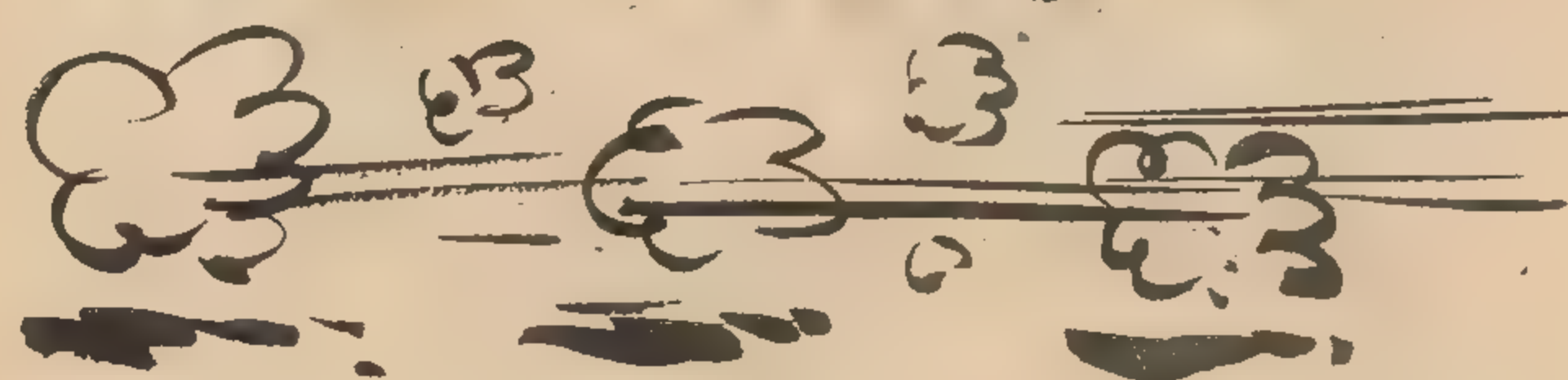
— Voo Doo



...AND



AWAY!!!



Morbid Dick

The Great White Mouse

Call me Ahasuerus. On second thought, that is but an awkward name for a cat. For, you see, I am a cat, just as my father and all of my ancestors have been cats before me. Sing out, ye Muse, the praises of being a cat! The world holds no more intelligent, more even-tempered, dainty, more useful animal than a cat. Being thus a cat I should have a name which is traditional for a cat, suited for a cat, and in general perfectly cat-like in quality. Therefore let me begin this narrative again.

Call me Dobbin. Some years ago, having nothing else to do, I thought I would see a little of the world and go a-mousing. Hence I set forth into the woods to the rear of the country house in which I was being sustained. My purpose was to join forces with a band of wild cats who had dedicated their lives to the hunt of the mouse.

A short journey brought me to the outskirts of their bivouac, where I was halted by their sentry, a small Angora.

"Who goes there?" cried the sentry.

"It is I, Dobbin," I hissed.

"Aha, another cat!" said the sentry.

"What is the password?"

I knew not — I say I knew — I say I

knew not the password. I put my alert imagination to the task and endeavored to divine what I would set for the password were I the Captain of a wild band of mousers.

"The password is," I said, "I like Ike."

"Enter cat. You are in time for the meeting."

In the center of a clearing, surrounded by a group of thirty firece mousers, stood the strangest old Tom Cat I have ever seen. He was coal black, except for a white star on his forehead. A section of his tail was missing and was supplanted by an artificial tail-joint made of white mouse-bone.

"Who's that?" I asked of a cat on the fringe.

"That's Captain Schwartz!" said the cat reverently. "Listen!"

"Mousers!" orated Capt. Schwartz in an intensely melodramatic tone. "It is for no ordinary purpose that I summon you here tonight! I have not called you together to go on a random search for random mice! No! No! It is one mouse that I seek and that mouse is . . ."

"Mickey!" shouted a little kitten in the crowd.



"Ssssst — psssst — Hisss!" The kitten was shouted down on all sides. Old Captain Schwartz went into a tantrum.

"Who makes jest at this fatal hour? This hour when heaven and hell doth quake at my very purpose? When the Gods themselves look down at me in awe? Who jests?"

The kitten was thrust trembling out into the clearing.

Old Schwartz glowered down at him. "Willya watch yourself!?" he shouted querulously. He readdressed the assembly. "Yes, Mousers, it is no ordinary mouse I seek but Morbid Dick himself!"

"God help us!" "Insane!" were the shouts from the assembly.

"It is Morbid Dick I will kill! Him who caught this tail in a mousetrap! Him who has terrorized and maimed our mousers for years! Are ye with me? Will ye follow me on this brave and holy mission? What say ye, Starmouse?"

Starmouse, the First Lieutenant, spoke calmly and matter-of-factly. "I'm goin' home. C'mon gang." He turned to go, and the entire assembly, to a cat, moved with him.

"Wait!" screamed Captain Schwartz. "Hood's milk deliveries for a year to all who follow!"

"How about that, now!" "Hurray for Schwartz." The assembly returned save for Starmouse, who went home as he had promised.

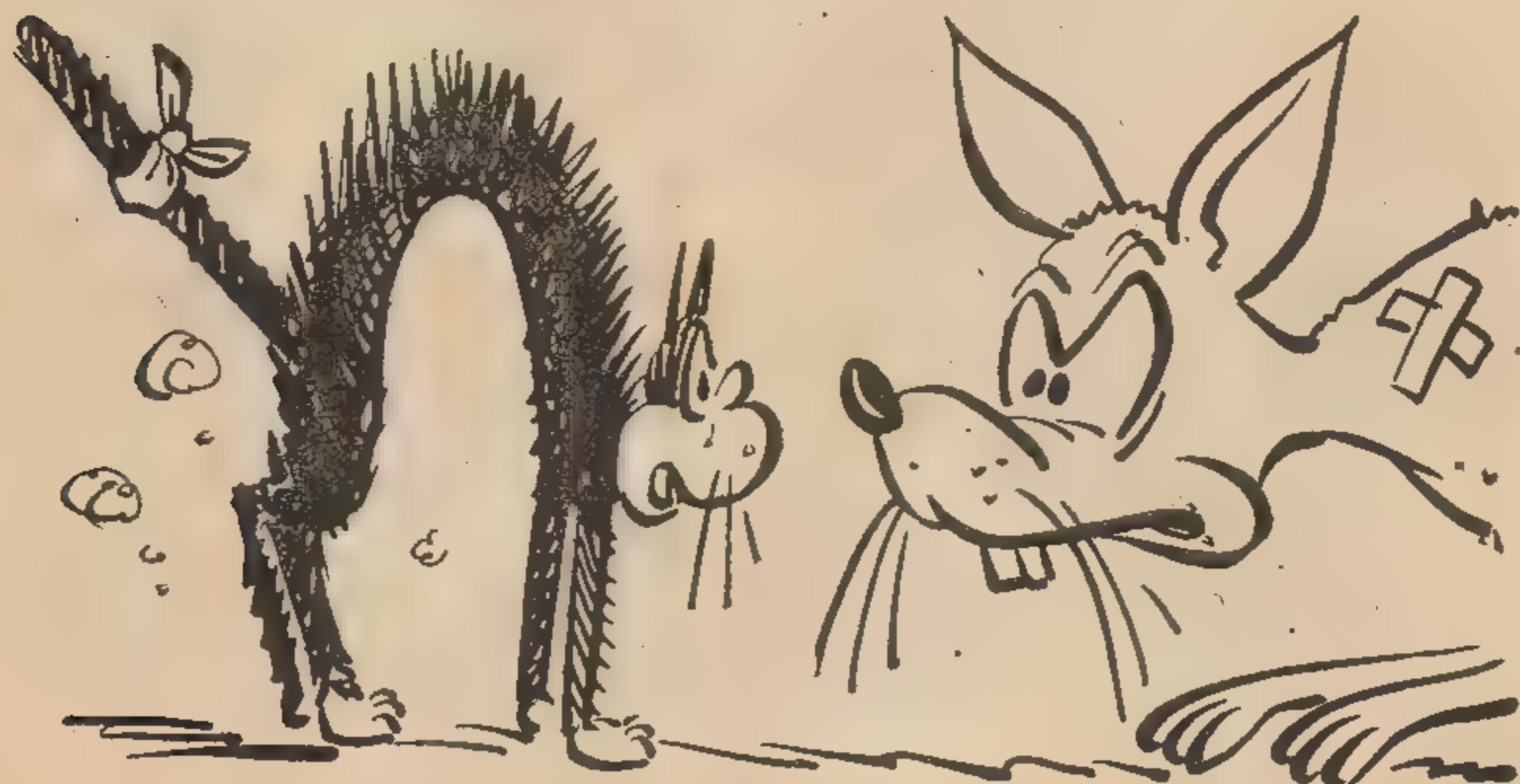
"We leave tonight! Immediately! Follow!" Captain Schwartz plunged off into the darkness, and we followed. We trotted for an hour, ignoring all fieldmice and prey of that sort who crossed our path, until we came to the spot where, according to Schwartz' maps and charts, the White Mouse should next be seen. Here we waited anxiously for an hour, at the end of which there floated down from our lookouts in the trees the old, traditional cry of "There she squeaks! There she squeaks!"

Yes, yes, we heard the squealing of a mouse nearby and almost immediately the giant White Mouse loped into view. He was the size of two cats!

"Death to Morbid Dick!" shrieked Old Captain Schwartz. With this cry the hardy warrior leapt upon the Great Mouse from his perch in the tree. Morbid Dick reacted the instant he heard Schwartz' cry. He stepped to one side, reared up on his hind legs, extended his right front paw in a fist. Captain Schwartz fell headfirst upon the Giant Mouse's fist and crumpled to the ground in an unconscious heap.

The Great White Mouse turned to the cats in the trees. "Look you guys!" he rasped. "From now on stay off my turf or I'll burn ya!" He loped away into the darkness. The rest of us ran for home and to this day not one of us ever set foot on the White Mouse's turf.

HMW — Lamboon



Her lips quivered as they approached mine. My whole frame trembled as I looked into her eyes. Her body shook with intensity as our lips met, and my chin vibrated and my body shuddered as I held her, pulsating, close to me.

Moral: Never kiss them in a car with the engine running.

★ ★ ★

Conscience is the thing that hurts when everything else feels so good.

★ ★ ★

A wealthy gentleman was badly bitten by bugs while riding on a certain railway line. Arriving at his destination, he wrote the company an indignant letter and received a prompt reply. It was, said the letter, the first complaint the company had ever had of this nature. Inquiry had failed to reveal any explanation for this unprecedented occurrence. Nevertheless, a number of new precautions were being taken to make absolutely certain such an unfortunate incident never happened again. The letter was signed by a high official of the railway.

The gentleman was well satisfied with this reply and was returning it to its envelope when a slip of paper fell out onto the floor. The hastily scribbled note on it read: "Send this guy the bug letter."



HUTCH

Hutch

Tiger

A small boy was leading a donkey past the Beta house. The boys attempted to have a little fun with the lad. "Why do you hold your brother so tight?" one asked.

Boy: "So he won't pledge Beta."

★ ★

An American sergeant in Korea went to his lieutenant and protested that he couldn't tell the difference between a North Korean and a South Korean.

"It's simple," declared the lieutenant, "the next time you see a Korean look him straight in the eye and say, 'Stalin is a sonuvabitch,' and you can tell by his reaction whether he is a North or South Korean."

Several days later, as the lieutenant was walking down a road, he noticed a dead and badly mangled North Korean in the ditch. Just across the road in the other ditch, he noticed the American sergeant he had talked to. The sergeant was bloody and battered, but still alive. The lieutenant rushed over to the sergeant and asked him what had happened.

"Well," said the sergeant, "I saw a Korean comin' at me and like you told me I stared him straight in the eye and said 'Stalin is a sonuvabitch.'"

"Yes," said the lieutenant, "and what happened?"

"Then," said the sergeant, "he looked me straight in the eye and said, 'Truman is a sonuvabitch.'"

"Yes, yes," urged the lieutenant, "but what happened?"

"We were shaking hands when the truck hit us."

★ ★ ★

Two drunks were sitting in a bar, thinking of things to do to pass the time.

"Let's play television," said one.

"Okay," said the other. "How?"

"I make believe I'm a great big TeeVee shtar and you guess who I am."

"Shoot."

"Awright," said the first, "I'm fi' foot four, got blon' hair, blue eyes, I'm 38-24-36, and I'm beau'ful."

The second drunk stared at him for a moment. "Never min' who you are," he said, "kish me."

"The inner check," said the philosophy teacher, "can be applied as well to our everyday lives. Observe, for example, the fly that has just lit on my nose. I do not lose my temper, I do not swear, I do not blaspheme, I merely say, 'Go way, fly,' and, uh . . . Goddam! It's a bee!"

★ ★ ★

The gravedigger was completing his last grave for the day, his mind on other things. Suddenly he found he'd dug so deep he couldn't get out. It was nightfall before his cries for help attracted the attention of a drunken passerby.

"Get me out of here," pleaded the digger. "I'm cold."

The drunk pondered for a moment, then began shivering frantically.

"No wonder you're cold," he muttered, "you haven't got any dirt on you."

It was raining pitchforks as a motorist stepped into a small restaurant and sat down. As the waitress came for the order, he glanced out the window and remarked, "Gee, this certainly looks like the flood."

"The what?" asked the waitress.

"The big flood. Haven't you read about the flood and the Ark and Noah and all?"

"Gee, mister," replied the waitress, "I ain't had time to look at a paper all week."

★ ★ ★

Lipstick is something that gives added flavor to an old pastime.

★ ★ ★

Definition of a college student: one who can't count to 70 without laughing.

★ ★ ★



"George, is that strange man still following us?"

"I'm Nude, You Prude!"

(Approved by the Dean's office but with the added proviso that anyone caught driving with a nude will be considered for dismissal from college.)

It is deplorable today the American's attitude towards nudedome — deplorable and extremely unhealthy. The general opinion nowadays is that the nudist merely wishes to exploit his or her body because he or she feels that their friends have become tired of looking at the same old face. People are shocked at the sections of naked anatomy walking around loose; it simply isn't the thing to do.

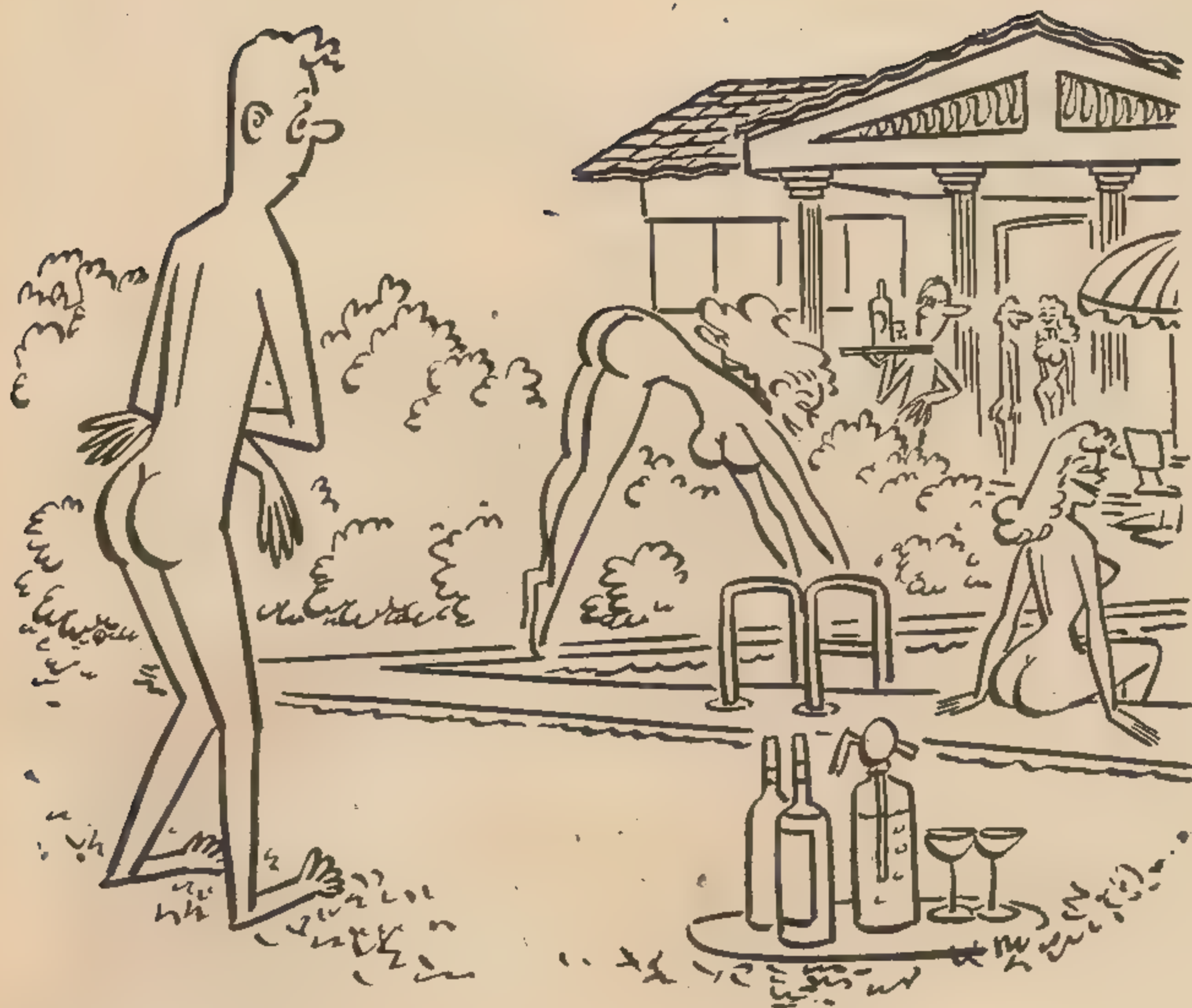
Kindly and decrepit old Victorians give feeble excuses for the rise of the nudist: either the nudist has a bad case of glands or he simply can't afford to spend any more money on clothes. All this, of course, is utter tomfoolery-bilious billings gate. Man is consciously striving to get back to

basic nature. It is the true aesthete casting off his tailored loin cloth and her form-fitting fig leaf. It's simply Nature asserting herself.

Before recounting to you a bit of social document by way of illustration, just a word more — something that has been rankling in my soul for a long time — to be taken for what it is worth. To wit: "The Hell with Salt Peter." (The Government needs it all for gun powder in National Defense anyway.) There now. I feel better all ready.

All of which brings me to a little documentary opus excerpted from the works of that well-known nude commentary Thorntius Smithia. It is entitled *Comparative Anatomy or Ronnie's Revelation* (this is the more literal translation from the original Aphrodisiac).

Ronnie Clabs packed his steamer trunk



with assiduous care. He was making preparation for a long-planned trip to Oskacogee, favorite spa of the White family whose son Clarence was Ronnie's roommate at college. Ronnie assembled his cherished cravates, cumberbunds, cut-aways, and cashmeres with a good deal of elan. He was anxious to display these stuffs in the White menage. Little did he know.

Ronnie arrived at the Oskacogee depot and descended to the platform to greet Clarence. His sapphire cuff links tinkled opulently and the saniform rubber heels of his new white buckskins sucked possessively at the concrete pavement as he squeezed the bare flesh (note the significance of this phrase) of his roommate's hand.

"How are you, old man," said Clarence.

"Tip top, old man," said Ronnie doff-

ing his cocoanut straw at the sudden appearance of Clarence's mother and two sisters from around the corner of the depot. Salutations were effected. Ronnie's trunk was lashed to the radio aerial of Clarence's open car and the group started out for the White's lodge.

During the drive Ronnie allowed his eyes to wander from his manicured person and quite suddenly became unpleasantly aware of the shocking paucity of clothing the Whites sported. Clarence's navel was painfully perceptible above his abbreviated khaki shorts, his sole article of apparel. Mrs. White and her daughters were a shade more modest in their two-piece white satin bathing suits.

Mr. White resplendant in a beige pair of Jockette swim trunks was on the porch of the lodge to greet Ronnie.

At this point, to give Ronnie credit, he

had a vague impression of a lot of loose flesh being left uncovered, but he attributed it to atmospheric conditions and forgot it for the time.

Ronnie dressed meticulously for dinner that night — dinner coat, maroon cum-bund, maroon tie, maroon handkerchief, etc. However, he was chagrined to find, upon going downstairs, that the White family were still in their deshable condition with the exception of a few desultory bow ribbons in the White daughters' hair and a pair of mohair haraches on Mr. White's feet from which protruded the full quota of toes.

Ronnie was not an avid participant in the table conversation that night due to the fact that the birds and the bees were the dominant topic plus a short digression at dessert on the nudes of Titian.

Before turning in that night, Ronnie, bedecked in his favorite lounge robe and satin carpet slippers, knocked on Clarence's door and being admitted, immediately put the question that had been bothering him for some four hours past.

"I say, old man, what is all this beastly 'back to Nature' stuff. You never practiced it at the academy."

"Too rotten conventional and the bloody Dean wouldn't have it," replied Clarence petulantly. "But now," he continued with sudden enthusiasm, "jolly old Dame Nature has us all to herself." Then with a sly wrinkle of his abdominal muscles, he said, "You'll find out," and plunged his naked form into the bed clothes.

Dressed cap-a-pe Ronnie descended the stairs the next morning whistling cautiously. He felt that there was something in the air which he was not quite aware of. He looked all over the house but no one was to be found. Ronnie finished off what little breakfast was left in the dining room, napkined himself carefully and ambled out on the front lawn. Human voices could be heard emerging from a grove of trees not far off. Ronnie made for that direction. Rounding the corner of a wooded path he came upon a startling scene. Quickly he concealed himself in a convenient hydrangea bush.

The White family were splashing about in a pool completely without clothes, to use a crude but descriptive colloquialism. Hallowed bits of anatomy were paraded

before Ronnie's frightened eyes. Just then Mr. White collapsed from the spring board, descending rump first into the water and thereby causing a minor tidal wave. Clarence, scrambling out of the way, suddenly caught sight of two burning orbs glistening from a nearby hydrangea bush.

"I say, Ronnie, whatcha doing, old boy."

"Gathering gooseberries," said Ronnie grasping at straws.

"Come out and cleanse the old body," continued Clarence. Meanwhile the whole of the White anatomy arrived at the scene and was chanting in satyr fashion:

"Sing a hey, sing a derry
Come away from those berries
Come, off with your clothing
Start right in disrobing
Sing a hey, sing a derry, etc."

Then suddenly they wriggled off like tadpoles into the water.

Ronnie was on the verge of an emotional crisis. However, he did not stay for the treat, but turned on his heel and sped swiftly from the scene.

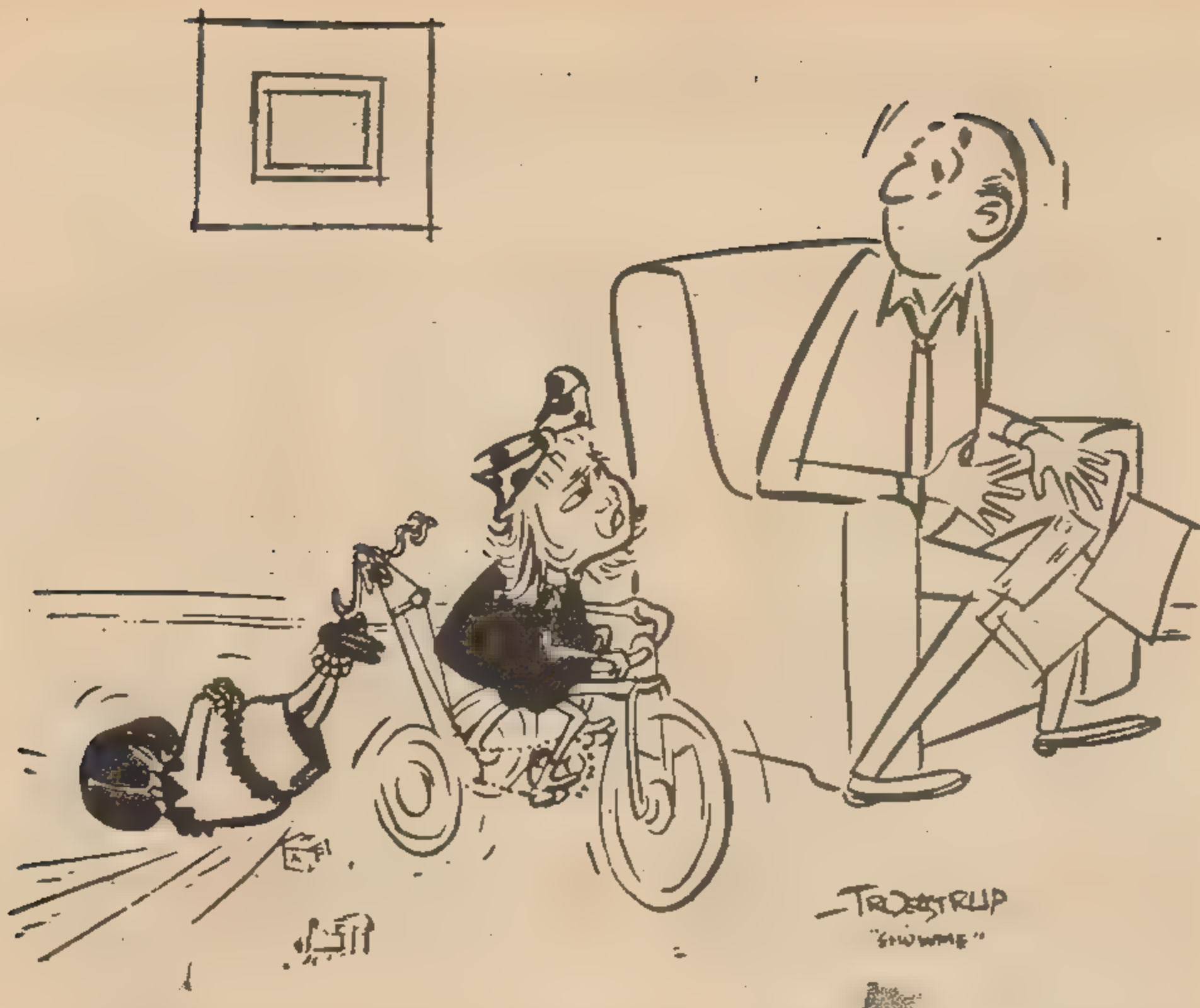
The final catastrophe came, later on in the day. Just before dinner that night, Ronnie, seeing an opening, hurriedly entered the White family bathroom for a quick shave only to find daughter Bathsheba calmly chinning herself in the nude on the shower rail. To Ronnie's strangled gasp, she replied simply, "I'm a nude, you prude."

Right then and there Ronnie's mind cleared; he understood. Ronnie was not seated at the White dinner table that evening. He was lying prone out on the terrace, quite naked, his bosom pressed tightly against the clayed sod. A few hundred yards away the embers of a former clothing pyre were flickering. Ronnie munching contentedly on the fresh grass was burbling effervescently to himself, "Nature, it's wonderful." From the dining room the lingering strains of "Sing a hey, sing a derry," floated out over the terrace. Mother Nature smiled.

Well, gentlemen, can I say more? Emollients can be bought at your nearest pharmacy for poison ivy and poison oak and antidotes are available for snake bite.

I am sure that Bennington would be glad to comply.

— Purple Cow



"Aw, it ain't hurtin' Jimmy none . . . he's dead".

The little old lady bent over the crib?
"Ooooo you look so sweet I could eat you."

"The hell you could," the baby muttered, "You haven't got any teeth."

★ ★ ★

CO: "Your wife came to town, I gave you a 24-hour pass, and you come back 24 hours late. How come?"

Soldier: "Well sir, when I got to the hotel my wife was taking a bath."

CO: "Did that take you two days?"

Soldier: "No, sir, but it took almost that long for my uniform to dry."

★ ★ ★

She: Stop!

He: I won't!

She: Well, at least I resisted.

Webster says that "taut" means tight. I guess that the guys at college are taut a lot after all.

★ ★ ★

Recent novel about a sailor and a girl marooned on a desert isle: entitled: One, two, three — infinity!

★ ★ ★

An Englishman returned to his home from a trip in America and was telling his friends of odd American games. "And they have the queerest game in the movie house. I think they call it 'Oh, Hell.' How to play it? Well, when you go in, they give you a card with a lot of numbers on it and during the intermission a man yells out a lot of numbers. Then someone yells 'Bingo,' and everyone else says, 'Oh, Hell.'"

Psychologist: "I suppose you and your husband worry a lot because you haven't any children."

Shy Bride: "Oh, yes, we've spent many a sleepless night over it."

★ ★ ★

Phi Psi: Are you the barber who cut my hair the last time?

Barber: I don't think so. I've only been here six months.

★ ★ ★

An Arkansas farmer was driving down the road with a wagonload of barnyard fertilizer. A tourist from New York chanced to stop and inquire directions. After obtaining the information he desired, the tourist inquired of the farmer what he had in the wagon.

"Manure," said the farmer. "Goin' to spread it on my rhubarb."

"Well, I'll be damned," said the tourist, "and my wife laughs at me for spreading butter on my pie!"

Professor: I will not begin this lecture until the room settles down.

Student: Go home and sleep it off.

★ ★ ★

It's the girls without principle who draw the interest.

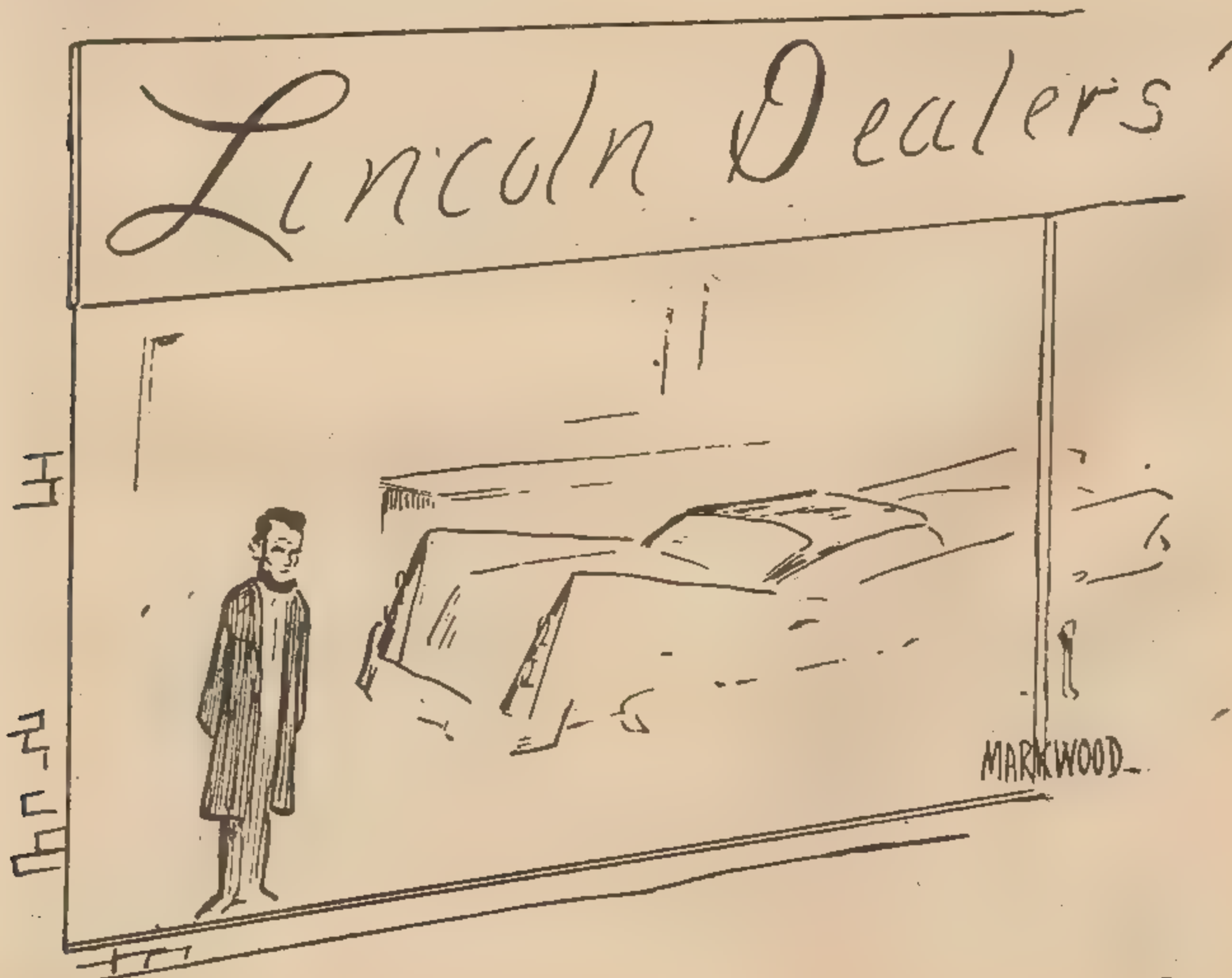
★ ★ ★

The one time a man finds it easy to keep his eyes off women is when he's sitting on a crowded bus.

★ ★ ★

A student put a bottle of Scotch in his pocket. On his way across the street, he was knocked down by an automobile. Picking himself up, he started to walk away when he felt something warm trickling down his leg.

"Heavens," he thought, "I hope that's blood."



MIRROR MIRROR



I'll tell you he's a strange one. I've seen him in classes, sitting way over in some corner, sort of trying to disappear. One time I watched him taking notes; he was moving his pen very careful like, as if he was afraid it would make a noise and someone would look at him.

But as I was saying, about a month ago I was over eating dinner. I'd loaded my tray and was looking for a place to sit. There didn't seem to be room anyplace, so finally I ended up way over at the side. There he was, still trying to disappear, hunched over his food alone at one of the small tables. I went over and sat down and began eating. I figured that maybe, if I didn't say anything, I wouldn't bother him too much and he would keep from dying of fright; but he kept getting more and more nervous so I started talking to him. This was worse, if anything, until I asked him where he lived. It was sort of like turning on a radio you think has a broken tube but really doesn't; if you know what I mean. Not only did he

tell me what dorm he was in but he began telling me all about his roommate. It seems that this roommate of his is quite the guy knows hundreds of girls, goes out all the time, has charge accounts at all the local liquor stores, is a real good athlete, and even makes dean's list.

Every time I ran into him after that he would rush up to me and tell me all about his roommate's latest adventures. Never said anything about himself, just talked about his roommate.

Well the other night I was sitting around thinking about him and the more I thought, the queerer it all seemed. So finally I decided to go see this stellar roommate for myself. I went over to his dorm and looked up his room number and went upstairs, but when I knocked on the door there was no answer. I don't know why, but instead of leaving I tried the handle of the door. It was open. I put my head in and looked around. You know what? That kid's in a single.

Vic Teplitz — Voo Doo

KUBLA

In Istanbul did Hilton, Con.

A stately pleasure dome decree:
Where Esso's sacred pipelines run
Cross deserts baked and parched by sun
Down to the Saudi's sea.

So twice twelve stories of hotel grand
By glass and girders were freshly spanned:
And here were lobbies bright with shining chrome
Where blossomed many a bellboy's outstretched palm,
And here were all the comforts of the home
All air conditioned, quiet, cool and calm.

But oh, that vast romantic ballroom which was hidden
Down by the cocktail lounge and the main lobby.
A sumptuous place, as splendid and forbidden,
As e'er by Lester Lanin's music ridden
Was given to the dances of the snobby.
And from his ballroom with ceaseless rhythm beating,
As if the room itself were noise secreting,
A mighty mambo band was always forced,
Amid whose castanets and drums there burst
Huge grunts like giants straining at some toil,
Or wrestlers struggling enemies to foil.
And mid these throaty grunts at once and ever,
It tossed forth cha-cha-cha's in rhythmic river.
Twelve stories soaring on saccharine saxes

KHANRAD

Through suite and hall the swinging strain did run
Then drifted to the deserts baked in sun
And sank to that pipeline which King Saud taxes.
And mid this mambo Hilton heard a tale:
That Statler bought the place next door on sale.

A maiden with a silken scarf
In a movie once I saw.
It was a buxom blonde-haired maid,
And with her silken scarf she played
Singing "That Old Black Magic".
Could I revive within me
That Vista Vision song
To such a deep delight 'twould win me
That with commercials long
I would build that grand hotel,
That ballroom plush, that mambo clan;
And all who heard would see its class,
Its stainless steel, its wall of glass,
And fly to Istanbul en masse
And spend less using family plan.
For this is hotel at its best
Where twains have met and East is West
And Arabs all eat Raisin Bran.

David Iams — Tiger

5.



3.



2.



A Princeton freshman when forced to apply at a New York Police Station for lodging and asked his name, replied that it was Smith.

"Give me your real name," he was ordered.

"Well," said the applicant, "put me down as William Shakespeare."

"That's better," the sergeant told him, "You can't fool me with that Smith stuff."

★ ★ ★

Sunday School teacher: Lot was warned to take his wife and flee out of the city, and she was turned to a pillar of salt.

Little Boy: Please, teacher, what happened to the flea?

★ ★ ★

Once upon a time there lived in the South a man who worked all day in a stove factory, making stoves. He was, in fact, a stover (i. e., one who stoves). Now this stover's boss not only ran the stove factory, but also (this was in pre-Civil War days) picked up loose change by trading in the slave market. He kept his spare slaves stored away in the basement of the factory, right under where the stover worked.

One day the boss brought in a slave who was sick — had a high fever (106 degrees Fahrenheit) and was delirious. The slave kept shouting and ranting around all day. So when he (the stover) went home that night, his wife said: "My dear! You look tired."

"So would you look tired," he replied, "if you had been stoving over a hot slave all day!"

★ ★ ★

A footsore hobo was walking along a highway thumbing his nose at the cars speeding by. In time, another hitchhiker coming from the other direction, spotted him in amazement.

"Hey bud," he cried when they met, "What's the idea thumbing your nose like that? You'll never get a ride that way."

The member of the willingly unemployed made a cynical gesture. "Who cares?" he shrugged. "This is my lunch hour."



Pelican

"I don't agree with everything Mather does either, but at least he's anti-devil."

Judge: "You admit that you drove over this man with a loaded truck. Well, what do you have to say in defense?"

Offender: "I thought he was dead."

★ ★ ★

"Still engaged to Maude?"

"No."

"Good!"

"What?"

"Good, how'd you get rid of her?"

"What?"

"How'd you drop the old hag?"

"I married her."

★ ★ ★

A bishop was sitting at a box in an opera house where collegiate commencement exercises were being held. The dresses of the ladies were very décolleté. After looking around with an opera glass, one of the ladies exclaimed: "Honestly, bishop, did you ever see anything like it in your life?"

"Never," gravely replied the bishop.

"Never, madam, since I was weaned."

Poet's Cornered

A glow-worm with tendencies coarse,
Used to tell lewd-jokes until hoarse,
But he kept up his vice,
By the clever device,
Of learning to blink them in Morse.

★ ★ ★

Little Sally based her hopes
On a book by Marie Stopes;
But to judge from her condition
She must have bought the wrong edition.

★ ★ ★

In a parlor a davenport stands.
A couple sit there holding hands.
So far — no farther.
Now in the parlor a cradle stands.
A mother sits there wringing hands.
So far — no father.

★ ★ ★

She's something like an ostrich,
The dumbest of the lot.
She carefully hides the things she knows,
And not the things she's got.

★ ★ ★

THE TWENTY-THIRD QUALM

The prof is my quizmaster
I shall not flunk.
He maketh me to enter the examination
He leadeth me to an alternate seat
He restoreth my fears.
Yes, though I know not the answers to the
questions,
I will feel no failure, for others are with
me.
Class average comforteth me.
I prepare my answers before the presence
of my roommates
I anoint my bluebook with answers
My time runneth out.
Surely grades will follow me all the days
of my life
And I will dwell in the class forever.

FALSE PRIDE

Why do women think there's allure
In the twin peaks of their upper contour?
Why do they provoke the sane men to
depravity
By falsly defying the laws of gravity?
What is the reason for women's birth
Not just to acquire licentious mirth.
Do we admire the uddered cow
Or the many-fauceted sow?
Dispense then with this padded silk
There is nothing grandiose in milk.

★ ★ ★

He tried me on the sofa,
He tried me on the chair,
He tried me on the window sill,
But he couldn't get it there.
He tried me lying on the couch,
I stood against the wall,
I even-sat upon the floor,
It wouldn't work at all.
He tried it this and that way
Oh, golly how I laugh
To think how many ways he tried
To take my photograph.

★ ★ ★

LIQUOR AND LONGEVITY

The horse and mule live 30 years
And nothing know of wines and beers.
The goat and sheep at 20 die
And never taste of Scotch or Rye.
The cow drinks water by the ton
And at 18 is mostly done.
The dog at 15 cashes in
Without the aid of rum and gin.
The cat in milk and water soaks
And then in 12 short years it croaks.
The modest, sober, bone-dry hen
Lays eggs for nogs, then dies at 10.
All animals are strictly dry;
They sinless live and swiftly die;
But sinful, ginful rum-soaked men
Survive for three score years and ten.
And some of them, a very few,
Stay pickled till they're 92.

— Unknown



"I represent the student body!"



"Why didn't you think of that before we left the house!"

YALE RECORD

ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACK

THE TEEN TITANS

titanstan scan



Teen Titans copyright of DC Comics